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JULY 4 SPECIAL

## Israel's tragic success, by Irving Howe

*Red Barber on Jackie Robinson • Leszek Kolakowski on Lenin*

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

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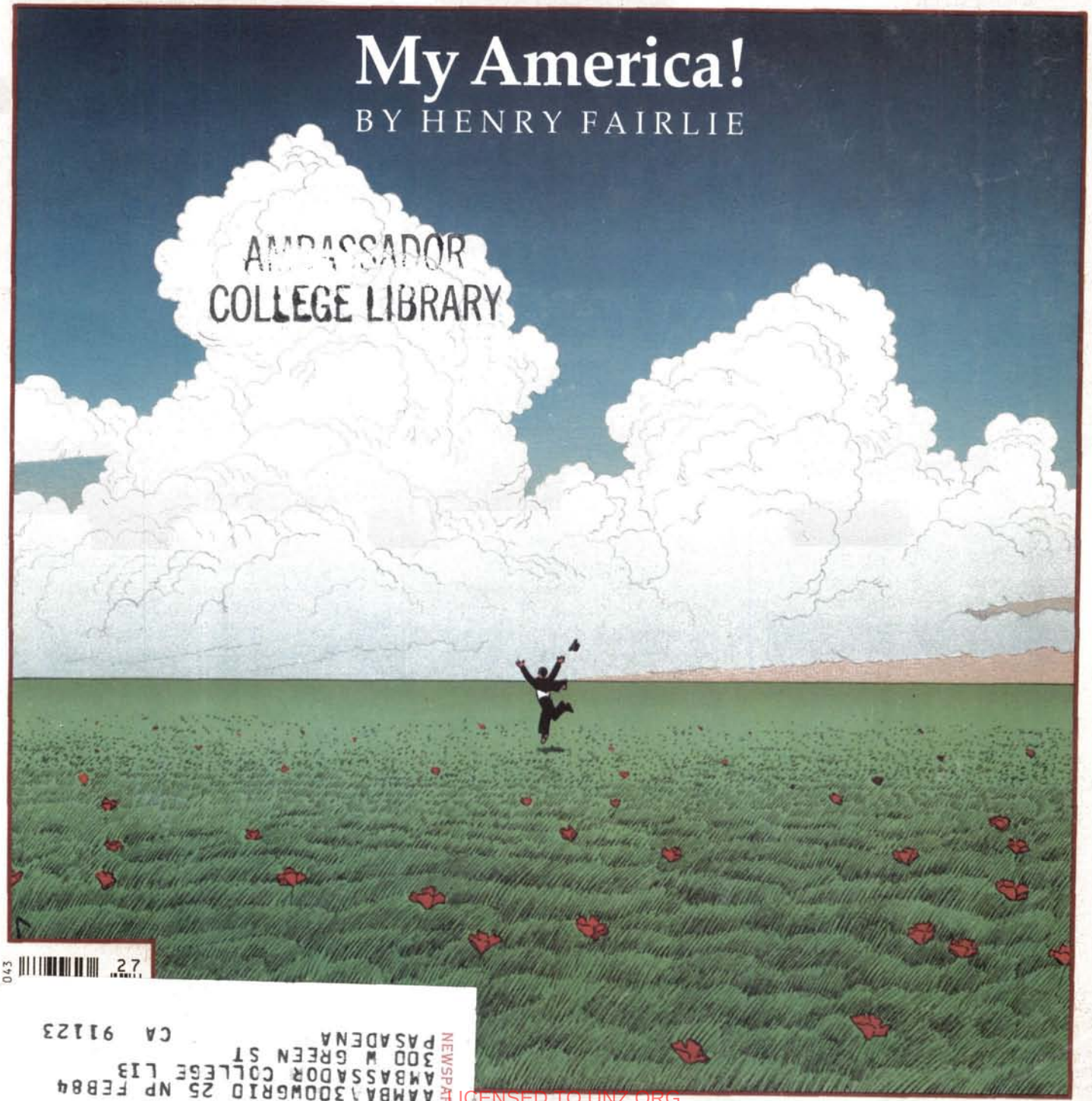


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# CORRESPONDENCE

## POISONED MEAD

*To the editors:*

Anthropologists in U.S. universities have not distinguished themselves in their reaction to Derek Freeman's book on Mead's Samoan work (*Margaret Mead and Samoa: The Making and Unmaking of An Anthropological Myth*); your reviewer, Colin Turnbull, least of all ("Trouble In Paradise," TNR, March 28). While rebuking Freeman for "often nasty pages" and "trying to make a name for himself by unmaking Margaret Mead's reputation," Turnbull presents numerous distortions of Freeman's book and of his professional competence.

"Freeman does not tell us what training he had to qualify him in either cultural or physical anthropology." This is completely false: Freeman explicitly writes that he studied cultural anthropology with Beaglehole in New Zealand, Raymond Firth in London, and Meyer Fortes at Cambridge, where he received his doctorate. Turnbull surely knows, but disingenuously does not state, that Freeman's monographs on the Iban people of Sarawak are considered classics of modern ethnography. In the words of Professor Marcus, also a hostile critic, "Freeman is one of the great field workers of his generation," "formidably expert," with "superior knowledge of Samoa" (*The New York Times Book Review*, March 27).

Turnbull implies that "the island that he [Freeman] visited as a student in the early 1940s" was Freeman's only contact with Samoa. In fact, Freeman spent more than six years in Samoa on three subsequent visits, which included a lengthy stay in "Mead's island" Ta'u.

With regard to Freeman's informants, Turnbull simply invents "wonderful British class consciousness" on Freeman's part when he says the latter "only seems to deal with Samoans who were chiefs, prime ministers, or educated." This statement is absurd and malicious: the most casual reader will find that Freeman (who, in contrast to Mead, had a thorough knowledge of the Samoan language) interviewed hundreds, even thousands, of Samoans, of all social ranks and living under different conditions in a great variety of locations.

One could go on and on in listing Turnbull's distortions, but it is enough to say that for anyone interested in the progress of science, his snide and unsuccessful "refutation" of Freeman's pioneering work is a sad example of academic solipsism.

ALFRED H. KATZ
*Mar Vista, California*

*Mr. Turnbull replies:*

Professor Katz's criticism is of particular value because it reveals the enormous misunderstanding that persists among nonanthropologists as to just what anthropology is, can be, and should be. This misunderstanding is largely due to the fact that anthropologists themselves are in substantial disagreement, a point that Freeman himself unwittingly makes in his own dismissal of holistic cultural anthropologists as "deterministic." Also at fault is anthropology's often pretentious claim to be a "science."

In answer to Professor Katz's major points I would merely point out that for the general reader to properly evaluate Freeman's work he would have to know a great deal more about his training than a mere list of names he "studied with." I simply have to disagree with the assertion that I must "surely know" that Freeman's other writings are "classics." They may or may not be, but I have never until now heard them referred to as such.

My review did not suggest that Freeman's *only* work in Samoa was as an undergraduate, but stressed that it was, until his brief recent visit to Ta'u, conducted exclusively in Western Samoa. Since Professor Katz is on the side of science (and many of us anthropologists regard it rather as a humanity), I would have thought that he too would have demanded more field work and personal cross-checking of another scholar's work, rather than accept Freeman's cavalier application of his Western Samoa data to a very different island he had only recently visited for the first time.

## BANKERS' INTEREST

*To the editors:*

Jason DeParle's essay on the interest-withholding controversy ("Bank Pranks," TNR, May 9) makes some good points but misses the *main* one: why has the banking industry fought so fiercely, and successfully, to delay or kill the withholding plan? The banking and savings-and-loan industry has one crucial and overriding reason to maintain the lamentably inefficient status quo. To the extent that savers evade taxes on their interest earnings, their friendly financial institutions are the silent partners in this crime. If the "silent partners" were compelled to turn "stoolie," their tax-evading depositors might well start hunting for financially greener pastures, far away from the I.R.S. and its cooperative deputies. The revenue loss would be orders of magnitude beyond even the most exaggerated administrative cost estimate. It's in the bankers' interest to protect their depositors' interest from legitimate taxation—even if it means condoning, defending, and maintaining the current level of tax fraud in their area.

JOEL BELLMAN
*Los Angeles, California*

## PASTORAL MINUTES

*To the editors:*

Peter Steinfels's precise interpretation of the Catholic bishops' pastoral on war and peace ("Pastoral Proceeding," TNR, May 30)—considerably more accurate than that rendered in TNR's editorial ("Antinuclear Spring," May 30)—is marred by a factual inaccuracy about the proceedings within the Bernardin Committee. The error is the assertion that Bishop O'Connor threatened to resign. The statement is not true.

Two other qualifications, less pertinent to the Steinfels article than to the wider public perception of the pastoral, are needed. First, in spite of acknowledged differences of position and philosophy among members of the Committee, they worked by consensus. Votes were taken but they were the exception. Second, the Committee actively participated in the writing of the letter. Some of the phrases commended by TNR's editorial came from the pen of bishops; they exemplify my point of committee *authorship* of the pastoral.

REV. J. BRYAN HEHIR
*Washington, D.C.*

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FROM WASHINGTON

## FLEXIBILITY

The White House resembled a Thomistic bastion last week, with learned recitations under way on the latest arms control plan as various colleges of Congress and the press were shepherded within to hear the new word explicated.

"What about throw-weight?" one media scholastic asked a monkish national security adviser, falling easily, one would almost say faithfully, into the fresh missile jargon. Another scribe asked the designated master conducting the White House briefing about something called "build-down," as if it were the latest antidote to Manichaean heresy. The briefer obliged smoothly with a bit of the latest this and that.

The White House briefer promised not to be pedantic, but fortunately he could not help himself. Anything other than pedantry would have spoiled the occasion. What's a new arms control plan worth without the folderol of faith, the oracular shift of calculations from launch vehicles to warheads, the great memorization of data for the new visions of dense-packed swords become reelection plowshares?

The White House week was one great bazaar of glib syllogism and quick study, and if Thomas Aquinas were alive he probably would have had film at eleven, with one of those "One-thing-seems-clear" endings that he perfected for the electronic news people. The newest Reagan doctrine included a minimal shift in the number of proposed long-range missiles, and that in an upward direction, but basically it was rooted in a single word that the President used repeatedly in his Rose Garden announcement: flexibility. The mere utterance of that word in the context of Mr. Reagan's rhetorical record on the subject was enough to cause such moderate Democrats as Representative Les Aspin to emerge from the White House and risk relative praise of the President. In a sense, their endorsement, bordering on flackery, was understandable, for in voting for the far more certain front part of the Administration's "arms control" package—a new multiwarhead missile with the Nabokovian title of "Peacekeeper"—they claimed to have forced some moderation in the President's attitude at the Geneva strategic-arms talks. Thus they were required to publicly go to bat last week as much for their reputation as his. The week's staged events included "consultations" with Congress leading up to the announcement. Such toothless old lions as Scoop Jackson and Chuck Percy padded forth from the White House confirming that, yes, they had heard Mr. Reagan intone that word, flexibility.

A doubting witness, stumbling back from the new light, saw a man at the White House gate bleeding. He was an urban hobo who had been stabbed during a dispute across the street in Lafayette Park, where some say the real world begins. "Look," he said most simply to the White House guard in the bulletproof booth, and he raised his dirty T-shirt to show a gash in his side brimming with fresh scarlet. At that moment, as an ambulance was summoned, the bleeding man at the White House gate personified the fragility underlying everything. Aggression is a definition of mortality, and all the theoretical talk about throw-weight in the missile's flash was made vivid by the torn hobo. He was oozing evidence of something. It's a jungle out there; the Reaganites are right. Should the fellow have packed a counterforce—a bigger knife, or several smaller, pointier ones, or how about a pistol? Might the other man have come seriously, then, to the bargaining table, or did the aggressor act preemptively in the first place?

If these wonderings border on the absurd, they also are familiar. Before we could have this proclaimed shift from the President, signified by the repeated utterance of the word, "flexibility," we first had to begin funding of the MX "Peacekeeper" as a prelude to spawning smaller missiles called "Midgetmen." It's more than a jungle out there; it's a cost-plus jungle requiring something new from the weaponsmaker to muster courage in the peacemaker. The latest deal in missile hardening and rhetoric softening was garnished with such scraps of expertise as "throw-weight" and "build-down" to help us all forget the preceding glossary. Remember the "window of vulnerability"? A trompe l'oeil, it turned out, easily erased by the President's Scowcroft Commission. Mr. Reagan may pull this out of his nostalgia bag someday, building an anecdote from it with his celluloid imagination. ("Many of you may be too young, but I recall the window of vulnerability, and, gosh, it was really something. . . . ")

This remarkable initiative of rearming in order to talk of disarming is a classic example of how deeply the Administration believes in the power of well-timed rhetoric. People who wonder about the missing window are told to celebrate flexibility. Although there are numerous cutely planted signals lately that President Reagan is running again, these official contrivances are nothing compared with the traditional sign, exemplified in the declaration of flexibility, the age-old sign of an incumbent beginning to run against his own record.

Other telltales are showing now. T. H. Bell, the forgotten cabinet member as Secretary of Education, has suddenly been resurrected, brandishing his portfolio like Dracula's coffin, no longer promising to bury it, but rather dancing on it as a featured character in the President's new education initiative. Again with this issue, Mr. Reagan is denying his own record of education budget cutting. Fresh rhetoric is being marshaled, much of it aimed at teachers, nonlethal throw-weight.

"What's the watchword for today?" a White House official playfully asked after a briefing on arms control, facing a gathering of reporters as if they were Mouseketeers.

"Throw-weight!" some teased in shouted reply. "Build-down!" other rascals chimed in. But they really had learned the watchword.

"Flexibility!" came the final chorus, and the new word went forth.



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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JULY 4, 1983

# BEYOND TIP'S CAP

In a modest step toward equity and lowering the federal deficit, House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill Jr. has proposed a cap on benefits from the third year of President Reagan's tax cuts. The howls from supply-siders, the White House, and congressional conservatives have been deafening—a sure sign that something meritorious is about to be perpetrated. The O'Neill cap would limit tax-cut benefits taking effect this July 1 to $720 per taxpayer. The total benefit reduction would be $6 billion this year and $7 billion next year out of a total of $30 billion per year for this third phase of individual rate cuts and $150 billion per year for all Reagan cuts. That's not exactly a massive tax increase, as some Reaganites charge. It is a small and necessary beginning in the process of reducing the Reagan budget deficits from the $200 billion range, and one that will not do violence to the economic recovery now under way.

Tip's cap is hardly the soak-the-rich scheme alleged by *The Wall Street Journal* or the example of the politics of envy that one conservative columnist called it. The rich would still do all right, they'd just do a little less well than they would under Mr. Reagan's plan. Mr. O'Neill's cap would have practically no effect on taxpayers making less than $47,000 per year. For those making between $50,000 and $100,000, the average annual benefit from President Reagan's three-year rate cuts would be $4,000 without the O'Neill cap, $2,700 with it. For those making between $100,000 and $200,000, the average benefit would be $8,500; after Tip, $6,400. And above $200,000, the average tax savings thanks to Mr. Reagan will be $27,000; mean old Mr. O'Neill would reduce it to a mere $24,200. Anyone who cries about this is crying all the way to the bank.

Conservatives and supply-side ideologues have been trying (with some success) to foist on America the notion that the U.S. economy has been lagging because people—especially rich people and corporations—are overtaxed. They promoted Proposition 13 in California and similar tax-limitation initiatives around the country, and they invented Kemp-Roth and Reaganomics at the federal level to reduce individual and corporate tax rates. During the 1982 recession, the supply-siders blamed it on the President's failure to cut taxes early or extensively enough. Now that a modest recovery is under way, they are only too happy to claim that tax cuts were responsible.

But a totally different, enlightening—and appalling—account of recent tax trends has just been published by the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities, a liberal Washington think tank. Entitled *Inequity and Decline*, and written by Robert S. McIntyre and Dean C. Tipps of the public interest group Citizens for Tax Justice, the booklet makes a case not only for adopting Mr. O'Neill's tax cap but for going beyond it to real tax reform—that is, the closing of loopholes that presently distort investment decisions and encourage tax sheltering. The authors do not endorse elimination of the third year of the Reagan tax cuts or repeal of tax indexing, contending that these tax changes—as opposed to most others adopted in recent years—are benefits to the hard-pressed middle class and lower-middle class, rather than the rich.

As the authors note, polls indicate that as recently as 1972 Americans regarded individual income taxes as fair; by 1980 they had changed their minds, which paved the way for tax revolts, Kemp-Roth, and Reaganism. The peo-



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ple were not wrong in their perceptions, but they were about the remedies. According to U.S. Treasury data, average individual tax rates rose 15 percent from 1976 to 1980—but the burden fell mainly in the lower-income brackets and not in the highest brackets, which were to benefit from the Reagan cuts.

From 1978 to 1981, the effective tax rate on the half of taxpayers with the lowest incomes rose by more than 50 percent. The effective tax rates on the 30 percent with the next highest incomes rose 14 percent. The effective rate on individuals making over $200,000, however, declined by 16 percent during this period, *before* the Reagan cuts were implemented. And corporate taxes also were being substantially reduced during the period before Congress and the Administration did their best in 1981 to wipe them out entirely.

"In essence, what was occurring was a major shift in tax burdens . . . from corporations onto individual taxpayers and from upper-income taxpayers onto middle- and lower-bracket taxpayers," the study states. "While a series of tax cuts skewed to high-income individuals and corporations reduced their taxes, 'bracket creep' drove average taxpayers into higher tax brackets. Further accentuating this tax shift was the increase (nearly 30 percent since 1972) in social security tax rates, which disproportionately affect middle- and lower-income taxpayers. The bottom line was a growing demand for change in the tax system."

But instead of changing the system for the better, the 1981 tax program sponsored by President Reagan and enacted by Congress intensified its regressive tendencies. Mr. Reagan's individual tax cuts were skewed to the rich, and Congress added more goodies for corporations. Inflation and Social Security tax hikes continued to raise the tax burdens of lower-income families so that such people pay an even higher share of their income in taxes than they did in 1980.

ACCORDING TO Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Tipps, between 1982 and 1984, taxpayers earning less than $10,000 will face real tax increases of 22 percent compared to 1980. Those making $10,000 to $15,000 will pay 7 percent more. But people making $200,000 a year will receive average tax cuts of 17 percent, or more than $20,000 per year. This does not even count in the reduction in the top rate on unearned income from 70 percent to 50 percent, which benefited only those with taxable incomes above $86,000. As a result of this change, tax rates on capital gains (at a maximum of 20 percent) are actually lower than the marginal income and Social Security tax rate paid by a worker with a family of four making only $12,000.

And there was yet more for the wealthy in the 1981 tax act, including a halving of federal inheritance taxes (which benefited only the top 3 percent of American families), the "All-Savers" certificate, and changes in business taxation which cumulatively nearly double the average $20,000-a-year benefit to those in the top bracket.

The business tax cuts in the 1981 act "came close to eliminating the corporate income tax under the guise of depreciation reform," according to the study. Accelerated depreciation rules in the act would have cost the federal treasury $500 billion over the decade of the 1980s—with the biggest breaks going to the biggest industries—but also would have distorted the allocation of new capital investment, "turning some investments with little economic merit into attractive opportunities solely because of their tax write-offs and conversely making some good investments unattractive."

Reforms adopted in 1982 under the leadership of Senator Robert Dole of Kansas reversed some of the worse excesses of the 1981 act, but together the 1981 and 1982 laws still leave the tax system "less fair, more damaging to economic growth, and less capable of raising sufficient funds to run the government than was the case before 1981. Massive tax cuts enacted in 1981 for corporations and well-off individuals remain law." The net reduction in corporate taxes is still nearly $250 billion for the decade, and the government is still providing subsidies—through write-offs so generous as to produce negative tax rates—for new equipment investments. With individual tax rates down, supply-siders predicted that investors would shun tax shelters and look for productive investment opportunities. Instead, the opposite has happened: tax avoiders are more numerous than ever and their accountants, lawyers, and shelter syndicators are inventing more new dodges every year—13 percent more in recession year 1982 over 1981, 53 percent more in the first quarter of 1983 than in the first quarter of 1982.

WE AGREE with Tip O'Neill that the third year of the Reagan tax cut needs to be capped. The very rich have had all the benefits they need and far more than they can productively use. We agree with the Speaker, too, that in the first year out of recession, the government should increase taxes by $6 billion rather than the $30 billion called for in the House budget resolution passed by the Democratic majority. And we also agree that his alternative is better than the abolition of indexing (which protects the middle class against bracket creep) and cancellation of third-year tax cuts.

But there is more to be done in the future, and Democrats should lead the movement for reform. This is happening on what might be called the visionary level, with Senator Bill Bradley and Representative Richard Gephardt proposing the so-called "graduated flat tax" or "fair tax" that would do away with most deductions and reduce tax rates for everyone. Similarly, Senator Gary Hart and others have advocated consumption-based taxes to replace income taxes and reward saving. Both of these commendable new ideas, obviously, would have a hard time getting through a Congress that is infested with special interests committed to protecting old loopholes and inventing new ones. That's why McIntyre and Tipps propose a piecemeal attack on the tax system as well, which would not interfere at all with sweeping simplification and reform later—which would, in fact, show the way toward such developments.


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They suggest: (1) freezing many of the 1981 tax cuts, including further reductions in inheritance taxes and the oil windfall-profits tax; (2) overhauling the business tax system so that the government does not pay corporations to invest, but taxes them at about the marginal rate for middle-class workers, 25 percent; (3) closing other loopholes, such as the law that allows banks to deduct the cost of borrowing money that is then used to earn tax-exempt interest on state and local bonds. Another step, this one advocated by Senator Dole, is enactment of tougher tax compliance measures to collect some $150 billion per year above the $300 billion lost through loopholes. Mr. Dole, a conservative Republican, took the lead for tax reform last year. Tip O'Neill has taken a step for justice this year. Democratic Presidential candidates ought to take a cue from both of them by making tax fairness a campaign issue next year.

## Oil Bank

The Administration is enthusiastic about the projected $8.4 billion appropriation for the International Monetary Fund just passed by the Senate. That enthusiasm is based, we take it, on a belief that giving money to the I.M.F. will help poor debtor countries, create jobs in the United States, and contribute to world economic and political stability; and, indeed, all that may be so. But there is a large irony, even an absurdity, buried in that appropriation: at the same time the I.M.F. is trying to get taxpayer funds out of Congress, it is in the process of turning over funds to members of the OPEC cartel.

Nigeria and Venezuela will soon receive I.M.F. funds; Ecuador already has an I.M.F. agreement. It is strange to find Congress asked to fund the I.M.F. so that it can lend to OPEC countries to tide them over in bad times. But the irony goes beyond this sort of aid to oil exporters: the I.M.F.'s aid to oil *importers*—that is, everybody else—also helps OPEC. The increased U.S. funding for the I.M.F. now moving through Congess can be seen as basically a price-support system for oil, making a lot of money available for poor countries whose staggering debt is the consequence of past and present oil bills. Perhaps the I.M.F., in the way of bankers, wishes to please a new depositor: Saudi Arabia has plunked down $9 billion over the past few years for the I.M.F.'s Enlarged Access Policy.

One taxpayer of our acquaintance wrote to the Federal Reserve Board to protest the OPEC loans. The director of the Fed's division of international finance wrote back in reply that when "members of OPEC or other countries approach the I.M.F. for financial assistance, one question that is and should be asked is whether the country is doing enough to help itself in terms of its macroeconomic policies and its export policies, e.g. with respect to oil." The letter continued, "You can be sure that the U.S. will not encourage the I.M.F. to subsidize significant, artificial restraints on exports of oil or any other products." Then it got to the bad news: "That having been said, it is not clear that in all cases a borrowing country will be best served by maximizing its exports of oil in the short run, since oil is a depletable resource."

Our taxpayer friend was impatient with this answer, and we can see why. Propaganda about "depletable" oil resources has been around for decades—the oil companies used it to justify their "depletion allowance" tax dodge long before OPEC—but it is distressing to find such stuff coming out of the mouth of the Federal Reserve. The energies and wallets of ordinary citizens, after all, are "depletable" too. Because all oil prices followed OPEC's up, the cost of oil in the United States went from $20.3 billion in 1972 to $225 billion in 1981. The extra cost came to $820 per person, or $3,300 for a family of four: an incredible tax imposed upon Americans by OPEC, the oil companies, and non-OPEC oil producers who followed the cartel price. (A main beneficiary, by the way, has been the world's largest producer of oil, the Soviet Union; in 1982 Russian oil exports to the West provided 60 percent of Moscow's hard-currency reserves.) A drop in oil prices is the perfect supply-side tax cut, since it gives the economy an immediate boost without inflation and without more government deficits. If subsidizing the price of oil is the unavoidable cost of avoiding an international banking collapse, then it's hard to see any way around it. But let's not pretend we like it.

## Notebook

□ YOU CAN TELL A CROOK BY HIS COVER: We thought we were crazy. The windows of our local bookstores were filled with a memoir by Joseph Bonanno, and nobody said a thing. Mr. Bonanno, you will recall, is one of the most important figures in organized crime in this century. The book's acknowledgements conclude with a fond word of gratititude to the author's Doberman. The book is called *A Man of Honor*, and its argument is that Mr. Bonanno is one. But we weren't crazy. Its publisher has been called upon to defend it, but the defense has only squeezed more squalor out of the event. Mr. Michael Korda of Simon & Schuster, author of *Power: How to Get It and How to Use It*, and a recent letter to *The New York Times* condemning gun control, told the *Times*: "He doesn't deny that in organized crime people get killed, but you carry out hits for reasons of honor, revenge, and business need." And he went on: "I don't know what people expect of him. You can hardly expect him to write his memoirs and say 'Yes, I'm a criminal' . . . Simon & Schuster and I have always taken the position that if a book is interesting, we should publish it. I don't think it's up to us to make a moral judgment." Well, it must be up to somebody, so it may as well be us. The selling of this sleazy satrap of the Mafia is morally rather dubious. The manufacture of books is not like the



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manufacture of of corrugated boxes; there *are* moral dimensions to this industry. Mr. Korda seems dead to them. He, too, may be a man of honor. But he is also a man of business need.

□ THE PEACE MOVEMENT in Europe has much to ponder. With the election of Helmut Kohl in Germany and Margaret Thatcher in England, it has been rebuked in precisely those countries where it seemed to constitute a formidable political force, and where the most pressing questions about the security arrangements of the Atlantic alliance were posed. Unilateralism has been admonished. Its philosophical and political hollowness was apparent to a large number of voters, who were more decisive than a large number of demonstrators. Still, notwithstanding the satisfaction of seeing a bad idea bloodied, this is no time for an intellectual holiday. The rejection of the Labour Party in Britain and the Social Democrats in Germany does not mean that a popular anxiety about the Pershings, and more generally about NATO, has been retired. The problem that faces the NATO leadership remains. And it is not the problem of continued protest, or of potential violence. What faces the NATO leadership is the failure of a new generation in Europe to understand the alliance's reason for being. This is NATO's failure too. It has not addressed itself to the generation that knew not World War II, but only Vietnam. The moral and historical origins of pro-Americanism in Europe have receded into the mists of recent time. This spring's elections in Europe, then, must not obscure this year's experience in Europe. As Cardinal Newman said, there is work to be done in England, and in Germany too. It is a work of clarification—a new argument for NATO, for its moral legitimacy and political necessity. The polls are only part of the picture. There remains the streets.

□ PSYCHO-SEMITIC DISEASES: The World Health Organization voted in Geneva to condemn Israel for the epidemic of vomiting, nausea, and dizziness that recently raged through the population of young girls of the West Bank. "An ill-defined health emergency" was what the W.H.O.'s own report called it. The political motivation of the ridiculous reaction to its report was less ill defined. Still, the W.H.O. may have broken new ground in medical pathology. Politics has been promoted to a place with poisons in the diagnosis of psychopathological phenomena. As the Jordanian Minister of Health said of the Israeli policy on the West Bank, "to us this is also a poison, a poison of the mind which is worse than the poison of the body." He was moved to this theory by the failure of all the doctors on the scene to find a poison of the body; that the Israelis were poisoners, of course, was never in doubt. We recommend that the United States reconsider its involvement in this company of cranks. We also recommend that American doctors take note of Jordanian science. Psychiatrists, especially; the diagnosis of childhood trauma, for example, would be immensely simplified if parents could be treated like germs.

□ FIFTEEN YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Some of the palpitating followers of Mr. Nixon and Mr. Humphrey anxiously hope that their candidates will, in the course of the campaign, either 'make up' or 'change' their minds about the great issues that confront us, and thus reassure us about the future. But this notion, too, is a fallacy. Men do not 'make up' their minds; their minds are made up for them by a lifetime of experience. Men can no more 'change' their minds than they can change their characters. They can modify old ideas and even get some new ones, they can turn their attention to new interests, but what they do, and the way they do it, and the reasons why they do it are all predictable and are the product of forces far too powerful and too pervasive to be overcome or deflected in response to momentary ambition or temptation or challenge." ("What Are We Waiting For?" by Henry Steele Commager, July 6, 1968.)

## Can Jim bag Jesse?

# HUNT SEASON

*Raleigh*

FLATTERY greases politics, and it is common practice for a Presidential candidate to offer a few fulsome phrases to a governor of his own party. But some Democratic contenders have gone beyond the standard praise of North Carolina's governor, James B. Hunt Jr. They have depicted him as the Democrat who will provide the ultimate political challenge to Senator Jesse Helms, the filibustering, amendment-tossing, nay-saying leader of the New Right wing of the Republican Party, in the election of 1984. Indeed, a Hunt vs. Helms contest for the U.S. Senate is already being called the second most important election in the nation next year. "Hunt's victory in the Senate race is absolutely critical," said Gary Hart. "I'm here to encourage him [and] looking forward to the classic Senate race of the century in 1984," said Alan Cranston. Walter Mondale even said that Hunt "would make a good President."

Whatever the national consequences, however, a Hunt-Helms contest would be an intense, emotional struggle for North Carolinians. Nothing nettles mainstream North Carolina Democrats more than to be asked how their state, which has a long-standing progressive reputation, could have such New Righters as Helms and John East as its two Senators. It pains them that the nation may not see clearly the other side of their state's political life, a side more nearly true to its reputation.

In North Carolina, as in other Southern states, there is a persistent strain of politics that is summed up by the bumper sticker with a rebel flag and the proclamation, "Fergit, hell." It is a jingoistic, anti-civil rights, anti-union, anti-Washington, anti-Eastern establishment politics, and



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it produced Jesse Helms. But another strain has coexisted, at least since Reconstruction, that is marked by a craving for respectability and for a "New South" of economic progress and social harmony. It is a politics forged in a government-business-education alliance through which moderate advance is sought—rule by a "progressive plutocracy," V. O. Key called it back in the 1940s. The "New South" class of the early 1970s—Jimmy Carter, Reubin Askew, Dale Bumpers—had the task of making the final break with the resistance to racial integration. Hunt belongs to this postdesegregation generation of Southern governors. Now he and his contemporaries are faced with such questions as: What do you do about the quality of schools? What do you do about the poverty, the illness, the underemployment that are the vestiges of the Old South?

HUNT AND HELMS respond to their constituencies with markedly different personal and political agendas and styles. Helms is ideological; Hunt is pragmatic. Helms distrusts government and seeks to diminish it; Hunt defends government and uses it. Helms opposes the Equal Rights Amendment and tax financing of abortions; Hunt campaigns for the E.R.A. and his administration provides state money to help poor women pay for abortions. Helms stresses opposition to busing; Hunt attends to achievement testing and basic skills education.

A Hunt-Helms contest assuredly would give North Carolina voters a clear choice. But their differences do not fall along classic liberal versus conservative lines. In a real sense, Helms is the more radical, wanting to remake society, practicing the politics of polarization. Though plainly an activist leader, Hunt works more within established procedures, practicing the politics of consensus and coalition-building. Jim Hunt, says Joseph W. Grimsley, the governor's longtime friend and campaign manager, "will push the system, lead the system, step in front of the system, but he will not break the system."

Hunt governs essentially as a moderate-progressive, a genuine heir to the political legacy of former Governor Terry Sanford. But he is careful not to get too far out in front of his heavily conservative constituency, as if mindful of Walter Lippmann's observation that the key to political survival is not to be right before it is popular. When Gary Hart bought a ticket and showed up at a Hunt fundraiser last December, one of the governor's advisers worried about Hunt being too closely linked in the public's mind with a "national cultural liberal."

And it is not only Helms who speaks in terms connecting religion and public life. Listen to Hunt respond to a question about whether he positions himself so as not to be labeled a liberal: "I happen to believe very strongly that there is evil in this world, and that we have to combat it. That doesn't mean that a certain country is evil and all of its leaders are evil. I think the President was wrong when he made that statement to the evangelicals. But I know there are forces at work that are against democracy, against individual liberty and freedom, and we have to be prepared to deal with those forces. . . . God expects us to deal with the world and to try to protect life and to make opportunities available to people."

Helms's allegiance is less to the Republican Party than to the conservative crusade; his base is the National Congressional Club, the Raleigh-based political action committee that has become a national New Right fundraising and campaign apparatus. In part to offset the Congressional Club, Hunt's allies formed their own political action committee, the North Carolina Campaign Fund, headed by former Congressman Richardson Preyer. Still, Hunt's own campaign network is intertwined with the traditional Democratic county and precinct organizations. And the Hunt Commission was not the governor's first experience in managing a revision of party rules; in the late '60s, he headed a state party reform commission. In essence, his allegiance is to the Democratic Party as shaped by the New Deal.

IN HIS 1981 inaugural address, Hunt adopted some Kennedyesque rhetoric. "Across the nation," he said, "the winds of retreat are blowing. But North Carolina must sail against the wind." If it is true that he does not retreat, it is equally true that he sometimes trims his sails and that he steers cautiously amid the political shoals. He has worked to preserve social programs, but he has endorsed a constitutional amendment on a balanced federal budget. He seeks to be known as an "education governor," but he steadfastly declines to recommend a general-purpose tax increase to finance substantial teacher pay raises and other new educational initiatives, proposing increased funds for schools as the existing tax structure brings in more revenue. He has been critical of federal budget cuts, but, surprising his staff, he voted against the recent National Governors' Association resolution on the budget on grounds that he as a governor did not have sufficient knowledge to call for a specific defense spending rollback. He opposed the nuclear arms freeze resolution before the General Assembly.

To support his reputation as an "education governor," Hunt can point to a long list of accomplishments: establishment of a program that put reading aides in elementary school classrooms, a minimum competency test for high school graduation, an achievement testing program in elementary and junior high schools, and the founding of a School for Science and Mathematics for especially bright high schoolers. Still, North Carolina ranks only thirty-fifth among states in spending on public schools, while it ranks in the top ten in financial support for higher education. Hunt's own children attend local public schools, and to demonstrate his support for parent volunteerism, the governor spends an hour each week tutoring at a nearby high school.

In his appointment of blacks to government jobs, Hunt has gone well beyond tokenism. He not only appointed the state's first black justice on the Supreme Court, but has appointed black judges throughout the court system. He named a black to the Utilities Regulating Commission,



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another as state personnel director, and another to his cabinet as head of the Department of Natural resources and Community Development. The Wilmington Ten case—involving nine blacks and a white woman convicted of firebombing a grocery store during a 1971 racial disturbance—put Hunt to an early test of his ability to handle an emotion-charged issue. After his office conducted its own review of the case, the governor declined to issue pardons, but he reduced the jail terms.

In a number of ways, Hunt has made sure that no opponent can label him "soft" on crime. He has endorsed capital punishment, although he has yet to be faced with approving an execution. He established a state department of crime control. He won enactment of a speedy trials law and a law requiring uniformity in sentencing. Since he became governor, the state has spent about $100 million on new prison construction. In the current legislative session, Hunt has pressed for an extensive revision of drunken-driving laws that would provide for stiffer punishment.

Nowhere, except perhaps in education, has Hunt applied himself more energetically than in economic development, repeatedly getting involved personally in recruiting industry. He often sounds like an Atari Democrat. "We have to be the world's leader in high technology, unquestioned," he says. "It all goes together. High technology is to be the vessel, the mechanism by which we automate and mechanize our whole economy."

SIXTEEN MONTHS before the election, the campaign is already well under way. Fundraising has begun in earnest for a race that may cost each side, conservatively, between $5 million and $10 million. Preliminary polls have shown Hunt consistently in the lead over Helms. The February-March Carolina Poll, conducted by the School of Journalism of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, gave Hunt a 54 to 32 margin over Helms, up from a 51 to 35 lead last October. Helms recently called for a series of monthly debates on national issues between himself and the governor. Hunt declined.

The Helms political organization has unleashed negative advertising against Hunt on radio and in small daily and weekly newspapers, and these ads suggest some of the themes Helms is likely to employ: Hunt runs a "political machine," he is a high-tax, big-government politician, he won't take clear stands, he is linked to national black and liberal leaders unpopular in conservative North Carolina. "Jim Hunt says one thing, but does another," says a Helms campaign ad. "If Jim Hunt says out-of-state campaign contributions create obligations you ought not to have, then what obligations will Jim Hunt have to the powerful out-of-state groups that plan to spend millions to get him elected? Groups associated with A.F.L.-C.I.O. union bosses, with Ted Kennedy, and with Black-PAC leader Julian Bond."

Democrats have employed several negative ads against Helms, too. After Helms and East voted for Senate passage of the 1982 tax package that included a doubling of the cigarette tax, Democrats ran an ad dubbing them the "tobacco tax twins." And when Helms proposed an alternative Social Security plan providing for individuals to have their own accounts, an ad paid for by the N.C. Campaign Fund declared that the Senator was "trying to cut Social Security benefits of one million North Carolinians." The Social Security ad seems to have particularly nettled Helms, who in a speech to his supporters accused pro-Hunt Democrats of engaging in "misstatements, deception, falsehoods."

Helms undoubtedly will continue to strike his customary themes: stop "runaway" social spending, stop school busing and abortion, put prayer back in public schools, confront Communists with superior American military might, assail the moral degeneration of life in the United States. Hunt will try to shift the focus away from the Senator's agenda and onto his own. "The economic agenda and the quality of life agenda are the agendas you attack and you spend your time on," Hunt says. "The priorities of the people of this state are jobs, jobs, jobs, not the social agenda."

ALTHOUGH arguing that Reaganomics has not worked and that government has an appropriate role in helping people, the Hunt campaign will seek to show that Helms does not in fact represent the interests of North Carolinians. Hunt will reach out to assemble constituencies—including teachers, tobacco farmers, the elderly, and blacks—nervous about Helms and his effectiveness, or lack of it, in representing them. Hunt will appeal to state pride. "The Senators from North Carolina," he says, "ought to be among the nation's leaders, thought leaders, action leaders, sharing our experiences, helping make this country what it ought to be. Our Senators haven't done that. They haven't led in a positive way."

When he says things like that, Hunt comes across as a man of uncommon relentlessness. He seldom seems to relax. Dwane Powell, the editorial cartoonist of *The News and Observer*, draws Hunt with a comb still in his hair. And yet the governor is a man of enormous physical and mental energy who, as a friend says, "tries to overpower you."

Jim Hunt's friends already talk about him as a "national class" politician, seeing in him the ability to fit smoothly into the Senate and into nationwide politics as few North Carolinians have. When Walter Mondale said that Hunt would be a good President someday, he was presumably engaging in a bit of politician's flattery; but the governor's friends have no trouble seeing Presidential politics in his future. "That guy doesn't plan to retire and he doesn't plan to stop at the Senate," says J. Phil Carlton, a boyhood friend of Hunt's whom the governor appointed to the state Supreme Court. "He's got things tearing at him. I've thought that since the eighth grade."

**FERREL GUILLORY**

Ferrel Guillory is the editorial page editor and a political columnist at *The News and Observer* in Raleigh.



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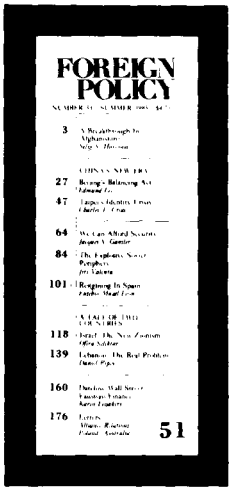


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In praise of gadgets, manners, women, and freedom.

# WHY I LOVE AMERICA

## BY HENRY FAIRLIE

I HAD REPORTED from some twenty-four countries before I set foot in America. I will never forget the first shock—even after having been in every country from the Sudan to South Africa—at realizing that I was in another place entirely, a New World. In the casbah of Algiers during the first referendum called by de Gaulle in 1959, when the women hurrying down the steep streets to vote for the first time pulled their yashmaks around their faces as they passed a man (which seemed to me only to make their dark eyes more fascinating), I was still in the Old World, however strange it was. But here in America it was all new.

I had been in the country about eight years, and was living in Houston, when a Texan friend asked me one evening: "Why do you like living in America? I don't mean why you find it interesting—why you want to write about it—but why you *like* living here so much." After only a moment's reflection, I replied, "It's the first time I've felt free." In the nine years that have passed since then, I have often reflected on that answer, and have found no reason to change it. What I mean by it is part of the story to be told here.

Other memories come to mind. One spring day, shortly after my arrival, I was walking down the long, broad street of a suburb, with its sweeping front lawns (all that space), its tall trees (all that sky), and its clumps of azaleas (all that color). The only other person on the street was a small boy on a tricycle. As I passed him, he said "Hi!"—just like that. No four-year-old boy had ever addressed me without an introduction before. Yet here was this one, with his cheerful "Hi!" Recovering from the culture shock, I tried to look down stonily at his flaxen head, but instead, involuntarily, I found myself saying in return: "Well—hi!" He pedaled off, apparently satisfied. He had begun my Americanization.

"Hi!" As I often say—for Americans do not realize it—the word is a democracy. (I come from a country where one can tell someone's class by how they say "Hallo!" or "Hello!" or "Hullo," or whether they say it at all.) But anyone can say "Hi!" Anyone does. Shortly after my encounter with the boy, I called on the then Suffragan Bishop of Washington. Did he greet me as the Archbishop of Canterbury would have done? No. He said, "Hi, Henry!" I put it down to an aberration, an excess of Episcopalian latitudinarianism. But what about my first meeting with Lyndon B. Johnson, the President of the United States, the Emperor of the Free World, before whom, like a Burgher of Calais, a halter round my neck, I would have sunk to my knees, pleading for a loan for my country? He held out the largest hand in Christendom, and said, "Hi, Henry!"

Small anecdotes? But I wish to suggest that it is there, in the small anecdotes, that the secret lies. America has—if one opens oneself to it—a bewitching power. From the very beginning the stranger feels its influence as a loosening. At first this can be disquieting. After all, one is not in an exotic land, where the differences are immediately striking, easy to see, so that one may be fascinated without really being touched by them. Yet from the beginning in America one feels this power, unsettling all that one had thought was familiar, fixed by the ages. To some—I have known them—it is alarming. For there do come moments when one realizes, more than in any other country not one's own, that here one may be being remade. If here history still invents itself, then here also, still, one may invent the future. But suppose that means that one may also invent oneself? Max Ascoli, the Italian Jew who fled from Fascism and founded and edited in America a remarkable magazine, *The Reporter*, once wrote: "It did not cause me any trouble to become an Italian, but my becoming an American is my own work." Every immigrant will know what he means; millions are still working on it in their own lives.

I remember also the time when I still resisted the very power of America to attract. After I had been here in Washington, D.C., a little while, I noticed one day that all the Americans who had befriended me were preparing to participate in some ritual, and that I was not invited. It was the Fourth of July. I presumed that they were being tactful: How could they ask me to celebrate a British defeat? So I accepted an invitation from Patrick O'Donovan, then the Washington correspondent of *The Observer*. What could we do on the Fourth? We looked at the television listings, and were delighted to find that there was a midday rerun of the original *Scarlet Pimpernel*, with Leslie Howard as Sir Percy Blakeney. We may have been defeated by the Americans, but one Englishman, single-handedly, had outwitted Robespierre's police. So we sat with our elbows on the lunch table, watching Leslie Howard be English, brave, and debonair, and even when the table leaf gave way with a



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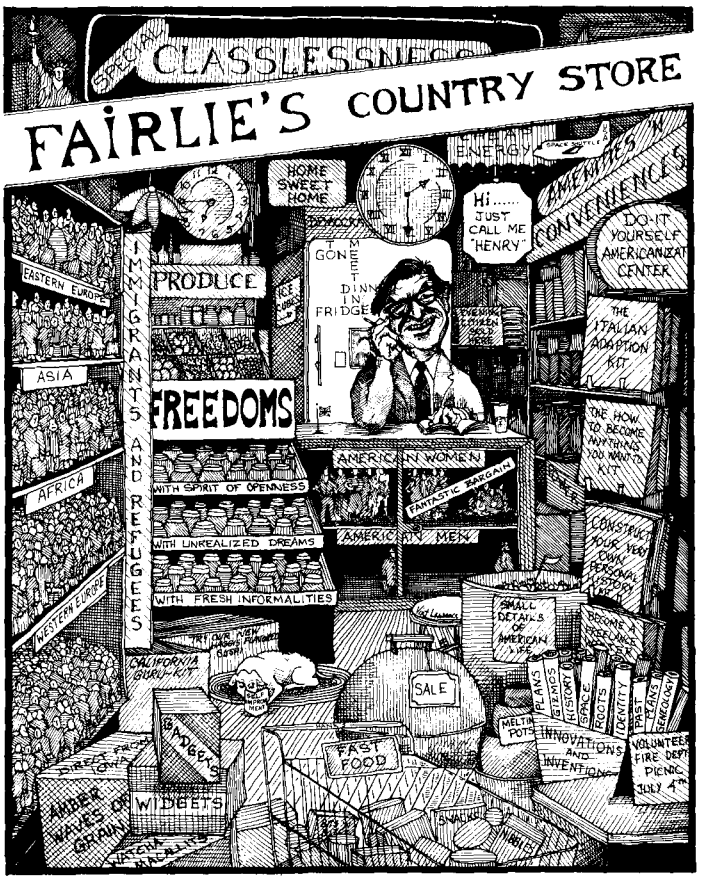
crash, it did not interrupt Sir Percy or our absorption.

Later in the afternoon, Patrick—who had been a strapping young Irish Guards officer during the Second World War, as handsome (as they say) as the devil—opened the screen door into his Georgetown garden, and peed. "It does one good," he proclaimed, "on the Fourth of July, to piss on American soil." But he let in an enormous bug—one of those gigantic bugs that make it all the more inexplicable why Americans like barbecuing on their patios in the fetid summer—which then banged from wall to wall, sometimes wheeling to dive-bomb us. "You shouldn't have pissed on America," I said to Patrick. "George III tried to piss on it, and look what happened to him." But Patrick was by now cowering behind the couch—all six-foot-four Irish Guards of him—shouting to his wife, " 'Mione, 'Mione, HELP!" She came downstairs, took one pitying look at her brave Britishers, got a can of Raid, and destroyed the American intruder. Patrick got up from behind the couch, drew himself up again to his full height, and said as if he were addressing his troops in the desert, "Henry, I cannot *bear* the tropics." By the time the fireworks began on the mall—"More shots to be heard round the world, I suppose," grumbled Patrick—we had the Dutch courage to ignore them. We had drunk our way—what else for exiles to do?—through the Fourth of July.




DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

But as I stayed and felt America drawing me to it, I inevitably began to think of the others who have come. The curiosity about the country which first brought and kept me here scarcely entitles me to claim that I have shared the experience of most immigrants. I have no right to make it seem as if I came here traveling steerage, like the political refugees or those who simply had neither food nor hope in their native lands. But I will say this about the Statue of Liberty. It was an act of imagination, when the French proposed raising the money for it to celebrate the American Revolution, to choose such a site, and not Washington or Mount Vernon or Philadelphia, and to put on it that inscription, recalling not the English colonists who made the Revolution, but the millions upon millions of others who have come here since. They were drawn by the promise of this land; the land has performed for many more of them than it has failed; and they in turn have helped remake the nation. And still they come.

The story of the immigration cannot be told bloodlessly. It cannot be drained of what Osbert Sitwell caught so well, in this hauntingly lovely passage from his *The Four Continents*, published in 1954: "New York, with all its faults, is yet the greatest and the most moving of modern cities . . . built by refugees to shelter and protect their dreams on alien soil. . . . For that is what it is, a metropolis of dreams realized and unrealized . . . dreams of every age and intensity. . . . So when in the small hours you open the window, and the cool of the darkness flows into the heated room, it is on a beautiful and improbable city of dreams that you look, some tragic, some naive, but many of them practicable and to be achieved in the future, near or distant, by the labors of these same dreamers when awake during the working day. Thus in the main the dreams will be fulfilled, and the hopes that prevail over fears are justified." How can one lose the sense that something quite miraculous has happened in the making of one nation from so many different peoples?

No other immigration into any other country has had anything like the same meaning for the rest of the world, for those who did not migrate, lifting the imagination of the world to horizons beyond even the expanse of this continent. The name of America still lends to countless millions its own dreams for them to dream themselves.

An English economist once said that it was America that had taught the world that it need not starve. Consider that. It cannot be denied. The achievements of American agriculture are one of the wonders of the modern world. Americans consume each year only a third of the wheat which American farmers produce; there is no other valley in the world which has been made, by irrigation, as fertile as the Central Valley of California. But it is not only such facts and figures that tell the wonder. One must look down the vastness of the Middle West, as the English poet Louis MacNeice did in 1940, "astonished by its elegance from the air. Elegance is the word for it—enormous plains of beautifully inlaid rectangles, the grain running different ways, walnut, satinwood or oatcake, the whole of it tor-



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toiseshelled with copses and shadows of clouds. . . ." It is common for the American when he is in Europe to gasp at the hedgerows of England or the terraced vineyards of Italy, kept for centuries. But the gasp of the Englishman is no less when he gazes on a continent, immense in scale, still fabulous in its diversity, which not only is cultivated but has by its cultivation been given its own coherence; which unlike Europe has been made one. Who but the Americans would, so early, have made the Great Plains yield so much—those semi-arid lands which even they, at first, called "the Great American Desert"?

But let us return to small things. If America was to produce, it had also to invent. The English critic T. R. Fyvel once told a story of a friend, also English, who had "found himself for a fantastic weekend in a society of Texas millionaires who whizzed around in their private aircraft, dropping in on parties hundreds of miles away." The friend found this unexpectedly refreshing. He was even more impressed when he saw the children of his host "buzzing around in special little pedal motor cars which were air conditioned." But one night his Texan millionaire host turned to him and said something like: "You know, Bob, I ask myself if our machine civilization isn't shot all to hell." The Englishman, horrified, burst out to his host: "Don't have those decadent thoughts! Don't have any thoughts! Leave them to us—while you stay just as you are!" I understand his response. There seems to be nothing, however fanciful, that the American, with his unflagging inventive genius, will not attempt.

MATTHEW ARNOLD was amazed at the warmth of American houses. "We are full of plans," he wrote to his daughter from Philadelphia in 1883, "for putting an American stove into the Cottage," when he got back to England. In 1912 Arnold Bennett was amazed that, whereas "the European telephone is a toy," in America it was regarded as an indispensable convenience for everyone. In 1942 Sir Philip Biggs was amazed by the supermarket, "where you grab what you want and wheel it to the cashier in steel perambulators made for the purpose," and leave "laden with a variety of food, beyond the range of English households even in peacetimes, from the A & P stores." (Twenty-three years later, on my very first morning in America, the wife of the English friend with whom I was staying took me, not to the Washington Monument, but to a supermarket—just to stare.) In 1963 T. H. White, who made a lecture tour in his old age, accompanied by the eighteen-year-old sister-in-law of Julie Andrews as "my secretary, but really as a protectress," was amazed at the change machine in the automat restaurant on a train: "In went a dollar bill which was inspected and out come [sic] four silver quarters. Why couldn't we put in bits of newspaper cut to the right size?" But he found more to wonder at: "In Long Island fishermen can buy *worms* from slot machines"; and again: "I also learned of *tab-opening cans*. You can open a beer can and, it is to be hoped, you will soon be able to open any can, without a tin opener." They were all responding to something I could not imagine America without.

How I have come to take it all for granted was brought home to me not long ago, when I was sitting in my house with a friend visiting from England. It was a quiet afternoon in early summer, the windows were open, I could hear the birds chirping in the garden. My friend suddenly exclaimed: "How can you bear to live in all this noise?" What noise? "All this noise in the house," he said. "Something is always switching itself off or on, humming or purring." He had destroyed my own peace, for I noticed it from then on. It is no wonder that America consumes so much energy. The electric gadgetry in an American home makes it its own Disney World. But to most Englishmen it is the physical evidence of a society that does not tire of innovation; which by its inventiveness still seems to keep the future open; and in whose inventiveness ordinary people find convenience.

THE INVENTIVENESS and gadgetry of the American reflects the spirit of a society which echoes the song: "It ain't necessarily so." If houses are insufferably cold, you invent a stove, and then you invent central heating; and if anyone writes in to say that the Romans had central heating, the important point is that the common man in Rome did not have it. Ben Franklin invented a prefabricated stove which could be produced for the common man; such a stove in Europe at the time would have been produced by craftsmen for the few. But then it has always been the American way as well, when faced with any injustice or harshness in this society, to say that "it ain't necessarily so," and to do something about it. If ever this spirit is allowed to languish, whether in the invention of things or the improvement of its society, America will have ceased to be what it means to the rest of the world.

When the cafeteria was first invented, the English responded to it with delight, from Clare Sheridan first being taken to one by Upton Sinclair in 1921, when she followed him as "he first took a metal tray from a column of trays," to S.P.B. Mais's description in 1933:

> You put your tray on a slide, help yourself as you rush along to orange juice, puffed rice, eggs, rolls, coffee, marmalade, or whatever it is you eat for breakfast, and when you reach the end of the counter a girl checks your loaded tray with lightning calculation, says "Thirty cents"—or whatever it is—and you take your tray and eat your breakfast at a table. The whole time spent in getting your food is thirty seconds.

The cafeteria has, of course, spread all over the world. But what these first encounters tell, above all, is of their convenience, and the fact that this convenience is liberating, as electrical gadgets (or Clarence Birdseye's invention, frozen foods) are liberating in the home. What they tell secondly is that these conveniences are not for a privileged few. Like the Franklin stove or the Ford Model T, these amenities were meant for all.

What I am trying to show is that, to other Englishmen besides myself, there is a meaning to the material progress of America which has traveled, and is still traveling, to the



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rest of the world, beyond the physical benefits which it bestows. It was a critic of fastidious taste and judgment, Cyril Connolly, who said in 1952:

> All American influence on Europe, however vulgar, brings with it an improvement in the standard of living and the dissipation of certain age-old desires. Should Europe oppose this influence? Europe, which has destroyed so many exotic civilizations, without even providing them with the democratic optimism which America brings with its films, its gadgets, and its *lingua franca*, the demotic language which obliterates all class distinctions.

BUT CONNOLLY left out the most significant American influence of all: the spread of the manners of a society which has always been more informal, less stiff, less bound by convention, than any other in the world; in which a person is accepted, as Thackeray said during one of his visits, for what he is. The impetus to informality in America is, at least in part, the source of one of the most striking changes in our century: the change in the relationship between one individual human being and another, and so in their relationship to their society.

The informality is one characteristic which at first both jarred and drew me. By far the most infectious account of this characteristic of America was given by Dom Hubert van Zeller, an English monk who often preached retreats in both countries, and enjoyed America, but was still astonished at this scene:

> In a hall at Denver I had the privilege of being listened to by upwards of six hundred nuns, assembled from different communities, all of whom were eating ices off the ends of sticks. The distribution of the ices, effectively conducted by a member of the home team, took place during the earlier phase of my address, so from the elevated position which I occupied on the platform, I was able to lay bets with myself as to which religious order would finish first.

This is the public informality—often noticed in Congress, in the courts—but the training begins early, with the freedom given the American child.

The children, like the informality, can at first jar. But the true mark of American society is that its informality forms its own patterns and codes. Although the outsider cannot at first detect it, there is a rhythm of American life. This rhythm is a constant improvisation, a flexibility that will accommodate the wishes and whims of every member of the group. No one voice in the typical American family takes precedence over the rest. Someone is always leaving or coming back; someone is always asking if he or she can have the car; someone is always going to the refrigerator for a snack instead of a meal; someone is always arriving late at a meal or leaving it early. The rhythm of the American family is to be found in a system of communications by which the improvised activities of each of its members is made known to all so that they can be taken into account. What holds the home together is a pattern of wires and castings, as hidden from view as the inside of a transistor radio, along which a ceaseless flow of messages is carried, and accommodations made to them. Messages left on the refrigerator door can for days be the only visible form of communication between members of a family who otherwise succeed in never running into each other as they come and go.

This is one reason why Mom and Dad, Lois and Junior, are so noticeable as tourists, and look so uncomfortable. They are not used to doing things as a unit. One can notice this even in an ordinary restaurant in America, when a whole family has for once come out to have dinner together: one by one, each grows restless to get away, and the meal degenerates into a pitiless nagging of the one person (usually, the mother) who is actually having a good time, and so is holding up the rest. What has happened is that they are not using their transistors; since they are all together, the flow of messages has been interrupted; having to do the same thing, at the same time, their common life has lost its rhythm.

I NOTICED AT ONCE the general American aversion to sitting down to a meal, and the time spent, if you are a guest, sitting in an armchair, or a canvas chair on the porch, always with a low table within handy reach. What then happens was perfectly caught in 1952 by the English journalist Mervyn Jones:

> Darting in and out of the kitchen, your hostess keeps the table constantly loaded with sandwiches, plates of cheese, nice little things on crackers, bowls of fruit, nuts, olives, pretzels, rolls, cakes, cookies, and other refreshments. Gin, whisky, beer, and coffee are on tap without a moment's break. You are urged, in case there should be anything you lack, to help yourself from the two or three vast refrigerators. . . . People arrive in cars, sit down, stretch out their hands with the same air of unthinking habit as a horse reaching for a clump of grass, nibble for a while, get into their cars, and go—to be replaced, no matter what the hour, by other nibblers. All sense of time is lost. . . . You have, however, eaten twice as much as though you had sat round the table for three square meals.

The fact is that a wholly different manner of life was invented in America, contrasted with that of Europe (before it began to spread there from America): with more flexibility, more activity, more fragmentation, but still with its own patterns. American society is a kaleidoscope, in which the original pattern is always being rearranged. This is itself freeing, simply in day-to-day behavior, in the opportunities to meet other people, but also in deeper ways.

Though there are classes in America, there is no *class system*. When I answered, "The first time I've felt free," one thing I meant was that I was free of class. How could a class system be fastened onto a shifting kaleidoscope? If you imagine that you have discovered some symmetrical pattern in American society, you have only to change the angle at which you stand to it and the pattern changes. As Martin Green wrote in 1961, "America is not dominated by any single type, much less [a] class-limited one"; and he



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added, referring to Britain, "In these two ways, America stands for health, and we for sickness." This is strong, but it is just. Class—accent, vocabulary, dress, manners—not only confines the lower class in England, it also confines the upper class. It is much easier to mix here with people who are unlike oneself. To whom can this be more important than the immigrant making his way into the mainstream? Why the barriers remain so difficult for blacks to cross is too large a question to go into here; and the disappointing results so far of the Puerto Rican immigration (of which Nathan Glazer and Daniel Patrick Moynihan expected so much in *Beyond the Melting Pot*) also raise disconcerting questions which are beyond the scope of personal response. I will merely say that the sheer rise of the present colored—Asian, Latin American, Caribbean—immigration seems bound to present challenges which will make Americans again consider the virtues of assimilation.

OTHER LINES than those of class are also more easily crossed: those of sex, for example, and of age. When the English have come to America they have always written at length about American women. "And what luncheons," exclaimed Clare Sheridan, ". . . and apparently all for themselves. There is never a man. They even pay one another compliments. I wonder if they can be contented." (There has often been this ambivalence in the consistent praise of American women.) I too would comment when I first came here on the numbers of women lunching together in restaurants. But I soon came to believe that it is partly from her associations with other women that the American woman draws, not only a strength and subtlety of feeling for her own existence (a part of her superiority which almost every English visitor has acknowledged), but also her capacity for friendship with men. It is the American man's capacity for friendship with women which is in doubt, and I attribute it to the shallowness of his associations and lack of intimacy with his own sex. In a moment I will show why that last observation is not thrown in just to provoke a riot.

But first I must emphasize what it is in American women which, especially when they began to arrive in England in large numbers a century ago, took the English by storm. In 1907, Lady Dorothy Nevill calling her "bright and vivacious," said, "it is by the American girl we have been conquered." As early as 1864 Lord Bryce, who later married one, thought that American women had "so much more freedom in their manners; . . . the absence of primness was a very agreeable relief." To Rudyard Kipling in 1891, "the girls of America are above and beyond them all. . . . They have societies, and clubs . . . where all the guests are girls. . . ; they understand; they can take care of themselves; they are superbly independent." But the essential point was made by Jerome K. Jerome in 1904: "The American girl has succeeded in freeing European social intercourse from many of its hide-bound conventions. There is still work for her to do. But I have a faith in her."

The barrier of age is also crossed. My first editor in 1945 had lectured to a party of American students on the liner bringing them to observe postwar Europe. He exclaimed to me: "They are so different. They ask questions. They say what they think. They are not afraid to talk." Since I was twenty-one myself, and had never been afraid to talk, I thought he was a little gone in the head. There are few things more delightful than the way in which young Americans all over the country are willing to engage openly and freely in conversation and even friendship with someone perhaps more than twice their age. There is a democracy of manners in America which I would miss terribly if I ever left here.

I have been describing a society that is freeing. But there is no doubt it is also demanding. For if the immigrant feels here that he may invent himself, then is he not in that only being an American already? So much in the Old World is fixed for one: not only one's position but so much of one's life and even one's self. This is what weighs in the first part of Ascoli's remark: "It did not cause me any trouble to become an Italian." But even for an American born here, is it not his "own work" to become an American? This accounts for the one unease I still feel.

WITH THE CONTRAST I am about to draw, it is worth saying, I know many Americans who agree. It is much easier at first—and it is here that I am thinking of the men—to get to know an American. The welcoming "Hi!," the first names, the ready handshake, the quick generosity. You do not get through these first layers with an Englishman nearly as easily or as quickly. But once through them with an American, you come soon to a dead end, you are not admitted to the core or to any real intimacy. With the Englishman, whereas it is hard to get through the initial reserve, once through those outer layers, all resistance crumbles, and you find that you are sharing a level of extraordinary intimacy.

Julián Marías, the disciple of Ortega y Gasset, who spent much time here in the 1950s and 1960s, observed that although Americans get more mail than any other people in the world, they receive far fewer personal letters. An American friend of mine, Howard Higman, a professor of sociology, makes the point well. A letter from an American is like an itinerary, he says, a letter from an Englishman is like a diary. There is no questioning this, and I have often wondered what it is that Americans fear to expose, even whether they fear that there is nothing at the core to expose at all. But the answer, I believe, is simpler. If there has been so much freedom and informality in which to make oneself, if it really is one's "own work" to be an American, then one is bound to guard jealously a self which must often feel isolated and fragile, far more than in a society where so much of who one is has been determined for one. (For if one has been made by that society, it has made others like oneself, so what is there to fear?) This is the significance of the women's associations on which the English observers at once fixed their attention. The men's associations are far more likely



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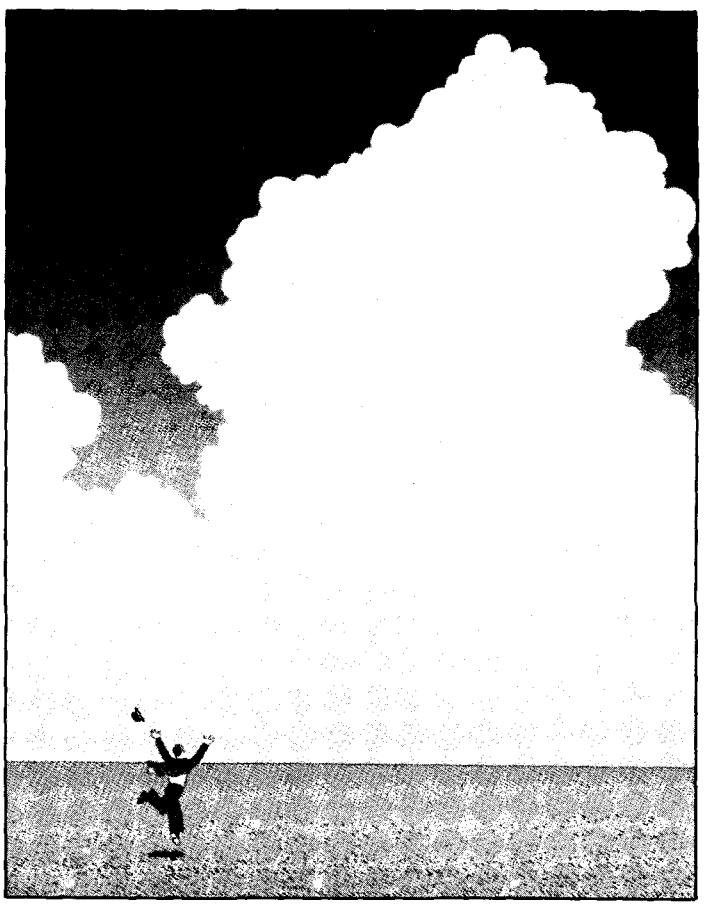
to be centered on some activity—sports, watching football, hunting—anything to avoid having to talk about themselves and bare their souls. This is where one comes to a dead stop. These are the personal letters one misses. Almost all letters from American men are typed, even those from my friends, even those meant to be warmly personal. They might be dictated to a secretary, for the little they dare to say.

There is in all of this one reason why so many American attempts to describe the experience of being an American fall back on myth and metaphor, whereas almost all the English descriptions of what it seems to them to mean to be an American stick to the details and small encounters of everyday life. Americans take too much for granted the details of American life in which may often be found the meaning of the freedom and equality and opportunity which still draw people to it. We all know the wretched side of the life of the immigrants: the rough, menial, even dangerous work; the abysmally low wages; the abject conditions in which they lived, in the notorious dumbbell tenements of New York, for example, honeycombed with tiny rooms. And we know that those wretched conditions, whether in the large cities or in the acres of the Southwest baking under the sun, still exist. Yet there was and is another side. It was not all that long after the Italians began to arrive that, in their communities on the Upper East Side, there were shoulders of meat in the butcher's windows at twelve cents a pound; outside the macaroni shops, under improvised shelters, the macaroni was hung out to dry; along the curbs were the pushcarts with artichokes and asparagus, early melons and tomatoes; and a round of cheese cost twenty-four cents. And although only a third of the Italian immigrants had ever cast a vote in their native country, before the first generation had reached middle age they had politicians courting them; and Fiorello La Guardia was elected to Congress from East Harlem on his second attempt in 1916. As they shopped on their streets, where did their allegiance lie? To Genoa? We can still catch from that picture of their streets the smell of freedom.



BY GUY BILLOUT FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

As a young officer, George C. Marshall was surprised, when he inspected his troops on landing in France in 1917, at how many of them spoke broken English. But of their stake in America, in its industry, in its freedom, there could be little doubt; this was borne out by the astonishing lack of sedition in America throughout the war. I have tried from my own experience to explain some of the small but revealing reasons why America worked its influence so quickly and so deeply on them. It now seems to be working on some of the new immigrants. In my observation, the East Asians especially (and who would have predicted it?) are responding wholeheartedly to American life—their children are into the Little League almost as soon as they are out of the cradle—as they work their way, often by traditional routes such as running neighborhood stores, into the mainstream. This third wave of immigration is repeating, quite remarkably, many of the characteristics of the first two waves. America is still open, and it will be a tragedy if those who wish it to "think small," who will to keep America as a playground for those already here, have their way, and close America down.

I will give the last words to an American. Daniel Patrick Moynihan wrote in 1978: ". . . while the matter has not received much attention, the United States is quietly but rapidly resuming its role as a nation of first- and second-generation immigrants, almost the only one of its kind in the world, incomparably the largest, and for the first time in our history or any other, a nation drawn from the entire world. The Immigration Act of 1965 altered the shape of American immigration and increased its size. . . . Our immigrants in wholly unprecedented proportions come from Asia, South America, and the Caribbean. In fiscal year 1973 the ten top visa-issuing ports were Manila, Monterrey, Seoul, Tijuana, Santo Domingo, Mexico City, Naples, Guadalajara, Toronto, Kingston. I would expect Bombay to make this top ten list before long. . . . In short, by the end of the century, the United States will be a multi-ethnic nation the like of which even we have never imagined."

In this vision, America is still open. And America is about to be remade by its immigrants—again—as they become enthusiastic Americans. And what will the immigrants write home about? The gadgets, I beg, the gadgets.



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A moral crisis in a moral country.

# THE WEST BANK TRAP

## BY IRVING HOWE

COMING BACK from a visit to Israel this spring, I felt myself gripped by the thought that I had been witness to a perilous moment in Jewish history. The country remains vital, the landscaping enchanting, the culture strong. The norms and much of the substance of democracy survive—at least for Jews. Opponents of the war in Lebanon enjoyed a freedom at once substantial and impressive. But the idea that democracy consists of more than a set of procedures for government, the idea that it entails a complex of values serving as both source and guardian of those procedures, is being severely tested.

Israel today presents a classical instance of the problem that no theorist of democracy has ever quite coped with: What is to be done when a government with democratic legitimacy undertakes policies that are deeply opposed to those values which, we like to think, give meaning and point to democracy?

Menachem Begin's government, democratically elected and still enjoying, apparently, the support of a majority of Israelis, pursues a course on the West Bank that spells conquest, takeover, formal or tacit annexation. Call it what you will, as long as you recognize that Israel denies to the West Bank Arabs their elementary human rights. And the Begin government pursues this course with a shrewdness and self-assurance its critics might well envy.

A day or two after I arrived in Jerusalem, King Hussein, fearing to be outflanked by the unspeakable Arafat, refused to enter negotiations along the lines proposed by the United States. For the Begin people, fearful of any sort of negotiations that might undermine their West Bank plans, this was good news. For my friends in Peace Now, a loose and rather moderate dovish group, it was a big disappointment. Peace Now had gained some momentum after the demonstration of four hundred thousand people in Tel Aviv, which a coalition of oppositional groups had organized to protest the government's initial failure to investigate the massacres of Palestinians in the Lebanese camps. Had Hussein decided to enter negotiations, Peace Now might have become a major factor in Israeli political life. Again, the Israeli doves remarked bitterly, Arafat—and Hussein too—had come to the aid of Begin.

It was at this very moment that the Begin government started a new settlement near Nablus, the largest Arab town in the West Bank. There had been many other settlements, some justified in the name of military security, but not even the most naive Begin enthusiast could suppose that dropping fifteen families at the edge of an Arab town strengthened Israel's military position. No, this was an act of deliberate provocation, perhaps to tell off an American government which opposes Begin's plans for a "Greater Israel" even while providing the money with which to carry out those plans.

If you take a car just fifteen or twenty minutes out of Jerusalem, you can see small Israeli settlements perched on top of stark, unpopulated hills. These are aesthetic disfigurements, they are signs of a political intent; but at least they don't abut on Arab centers. But the settlement near Nablus, where its children will have to be bused to and from school through Arab streets—this was a signal that Begin means to stick by his principles. When he says Israel should keep the West Bank, and its Arab population, under permanent domination, he means exactly what he says.

Right now there are only about thirty thousand Israelis living, some of them merely sleeping, on the West Bank. The Begin government has begun providing subsidies for new housing on the West Bank. Young couples desperate for a place to live can now get a nice apartment cheaply in these projects. Thereby, hopes the government, a new constituency for its West Bank policy will be created. If ideology fails, real estate may prevail.

The day the settlement near Nablus was officially opened, Peace Now held a demonstration at the site. It rained, it was cold, the ground had turned to deep mud. The Peace Now activists had been pessimistic about the likely turnout: its supporters were growing weary of incessant demonstrations. Yet nearly ten thousand people made the journey from Israeli cities and kibbutzim to register their protest—among them a handful of youth from the Orthodox and Oriental Jewish communities, not nearly enough of them, but an important addition. Peace Now outnumbered the ultranationalist Gush Emunim by three to one, and for a few days my friends were elated.

For a few days . . . until it became clear that the lift in morale was temporary, the government would cleave to its policy, nothing fundamental had changed. True, the

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adventurer Sharon had been replaced as Minister of Defense by the technocrat Moshe Arens, and this meant that, within the confines of the same policy, there would be less support for settler hooliganism. In the overheated Israeli context that seemed a victory for humaneness, but in truth, a fairly small one.

What had occurred at Nablus was still another confrontation—this one at least peaceful—between two Ashkenazi elites, the one dovish, the other hawkish. Begin could still count on his popular base: "the street," the settlement towns, a large segment of the Oriental Jews and a sizable minority of the Ashkenazim. The government might fall in the next year or two, but only because of the linked increase of unemployment and inflation, or because of the party maneuvers which keep agitating the country. It would not be because of a profound moral revulsion against the West Bank policy.

THE COUNTRY is split in half, but their half is bigger than ours—this witticism, by now rather stale, can still be heard in Israel, a sign that the opposition feels trapped, unable to break through to those voters whom Begin manipulates through nationalist appeals and the imagery of strength. Irritability is never far from the surface of Israeli life, but these days it gives way to something much graver—a sense of churning conflict, a nation tearing itself apart. Among the people I know in Jerusalem—writers, intellectuals, peace activists—the dominant moods range from subdued depression to blank despair. Materially, people are living rather well these days, partly because the Minister of Finance keeps depleting the country's financial reserves and partly because of American generosity. The result is a split between personal life and public conscience; between comforts, trips to Paris, pleasant apartments, and the conviction that something terrible is happening only a bus ride away.

Sooner or later conversation turns to the West Bank: it has to. Everyone feels the essential character of Israel is at stake; there are by now, on both sides, a whole series of pat phrases about "the soul of Zionism," etc. This political dispute masks but also reveals a moral struggle, and both (separable only in analysis) cut into daily life in a thousand ways. . . .

The son of a friend is in the army, his unit has been sent to "discipline" Arabs in a West Bank town, and he feels a deep repugnance for what is about to happen. The boy manages to duck out, avoiding the distasteful "action." But what he has done leaves him unhappy and his buddies resentful. They sit down to talk it over: What are we doing here on the West Bank? Is it right for us to keep doing it? Have we any choice?

A middle-aged playwright is called up to the reserves. He is assigned, with four others, to "guard" one of the villas being constructed for settlement, or speculation, on the West Bank. The whole thing, he bursts out, seems ridiculous to him: his life is to be disrupted in order to "guard" some zealot's or profiteer's villa?

A friend who is an architect has a friend, call him X, also an architect. X has been active in Peace Now. One day, suddenly, he cuts my friend in the street. Why? X has no money and a wife and two children to support; there is little work for architects in Israel proper but quite a lot in West Bank construction; he succumbs and accepts work that he feels to be morally tainted. Ashamed, he avoids his old friends on the street.

In Jerusalem, a few hundred yards from Mr. Begin's residence, an elderly man stands night after night with a hand-lettered sign. He is not an activist, not a protestor. His son has been killed in Lebanon, he grieves over the casualties that accumulate there since the "successful completion" of the war, and he wants the troops brought home. People stop to converse with him, quietly, gravely.

SHORTLY AFTER the Nablus demonstration I went to Hebron, a West Bank town with some seventy thousand Arabs. I went with Rafik Halabi, a Druse journalist who works for Israeli television. Halabi, like other oppositionists, has received death threats; the day I left Israel, the tires of his car were slashed and his mailbox broken open; but these signs of hooliganism, a growing problem in Israel, have not kept him from telling the truth, week after week, about the character of the Israeli penetration into the West Bank.

Hebron is about an hour from Jerusalem, and along the way we saw Arab villages upon which the occupying authority had clamped a curfew. This is "punishment" for the throwing of stones by Arab youths at passing Israeli vehicles. It's an eerie feeling: you ride through a village where every door is shut, every window-blind drawn, and some houses are marked with ominous Xs. What does this remind you of?

Arabs will keep throwing stones and Israelis "punishing" them as long as the occupation continues. First mild and then brutal, occupations must, by their very nature, be oppressive. That is what it means to occupy someone else's place.

Walking through Hebron, I felt that I was encountering some profound malformation in Jewish life. In the center of the town several score Jewish settlers have planted themselves in an old, cramped Jewish quarter (Jews were driven out in the late 1920s after a bloody Arab pogrom.) Zealots who make nationalism into a pseudoreligion and religion into ultranationalism, these settlers believe the Bible grants them unconditional sovereignty over this land. They are guarded by Israeli soldiers perched on rooftops and stationed in front of the Cave of Patriarchs, sacred to both Jews and Moslems.

Let us be clear. Jews have an historic right to live in Hebron, where Father Abraham is said, authoritatively, to be buried. Jews have a moral right to live wherever they please. But intelligence suggests that rights be exercised with decency and common sense, which means at times to restrain their exercise. If these settlers had come to Hebron saying they wished to live peacefully with the Arabs under whichever national authority prevailed, then no one could legitimately object to their presence. But they have not



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come to coexist. They have come to dominate, they have come to rule.

Seeing these ardent young settlers and their demure young women as they slid past the silent Arabs, I kept wondering: What is it about the Jewish experience or the Jewish psyche that prompts so bizarre a re-creation of the ghetto? For centuries Jews struggled to escape claustrophobic ghettos, and now, in Hebron, another is being set up—an enclave of fanatics in the very midst of the infidels. To be sure, with Israel's military might behind them, they don't expect to remain besieged for very long. But right now they have locked themselves into a ghetto, surrounded by hatred and guarded by Israeli draftees, some of whom surely look upon this project with distaste. Is this what Zionism meant when it proposed to make Jewish life "normal?"

I find myself wondering whether these settlements in Nablus and Hebron have some relation to the frenzied irrationality that led hundreds of thousands of Jews in the seventeenth century to the heresies and then disasters of Sabbatianism. Just as the false messiah proposed to spear transcendence through the pleasures of antinomianism, so the messianic hunger is being corrupted on the West Bank into an impulse to conquest.

When you discuss the West Bank with Begin supporters, they quickly bring up the security argument. Mostly this is a convenience of polemic, not the central motive behind the settlement policy. Both sides within Israel have military experts to support their claims; but even if there were a serious argument from security, that would not justify dropping settlers in Hebron and near Nablus. Critics of Begin's policies say, quite reasonably, that an agreement to cede the West Bank should include security guarantees, border rectifications, etc. Right now, all this is beside the point, since the Begin government does not want an agreement with the Arabs about the West Bank; it wants to keep it.

Rafik Halabi takes me to see the Arab mayor of Hebron, known as a relatively moderate fellow. Pleasant hospitality: coffee and Cokes. I ask whether the West Bank Arabs don't feel time is running out for them. The mayor answers that centuries ago the Crusaders had come, they had stayed for a time, but the local people outlasted them. . . . I think at first that this is mere propaganda for the benefit of an American, but later Halabi tells me that many younger Arabs, aware of their present weakness, take consolation in this kind of thought.

It is not a thought simply to be dismissed. Insofar as it implies a warning that domination achieved by physical force cannot bring a lasting peace, the Israelis ought to reflect upon it seriously. In the short run, however, the Crusader analogy is an evasion. Would it not be better for everyone caught up in the West Bank conflict if the Jordanians, despite any reservations about the Reagan plan, were to enter negotiations with Israel? For it was my impression that the mayor of Hebron, a man with some sense of realism, also felt this—even if for political reasons he did not say so.

Among the Israeli intellectuals there seems to be general agreement that, barring some dramatic unforeseen event, the West Bank will soon be so thoroughly integrated into Israeli society that there will be little or no chance for a reversal. How much time is left? The most sanguine estimate I heard was from a political scientist, Shlomo Avineri, who thinks there are still about four years left. Meron Benvenisti, who has made a very careful study of the West Bank, thinks it's "five minutes to twelve." (Or a few minutes after?) Peace Now leaders believe, or make themselves believe, there are still about two years left.

Politically, these differences in estimate are important. They lead to a certain tension between Peace Now and people like Benvenisti. Peace Now keeps agitating against the West Bank policy, Benvenisti stresses the need for securing civil rights for Arabs in the occupied territories. I did not see Benvenisti and so could not ask whether he would also propose a formal annexation, if only as a way of calling Begin's bluff. It would be calling Begin's bluff because formal annexation means granting the West Bank Arabs Israeli citizenship, and almost no Israeli looks forward to an electorate that would be some 40 percent Arab.

Considered historically, these differences of estimate are not very important. What they point to is that with each passing day the price for a reversal of policy grows steeper. And it's hard to believe that any post-Begin government, if there were one, would be ready to pay that price—ready to face the rage, perhaps violence, of "the street" and the settlers. How shaky Labor's opposition is can be seen from the fact that the Histadrut, Israel's trade union federation, has agreed to join in new construction on the West Bank. That is not the stuff of principle.

WHEN I SPEAK about intellectual opposition to Begin's policy, I have in mind not a fringe of extremists but the mainstream of Israeli scholars, intellectuals, and writers. Most of these people are moderate by inclination. Some are nonpolitical people driven to politics by a sense of outrage.

An historian tells me that, to survive, he lives more and more as an "internal émigré." An economist who would normally be doing abstruse research throws himself into Peace Now. A gifted journalist seethes with rage when he talks about the violation of human rights on the West Bank. A poet who is by nature supremely nonpolitical becomes obsessed with the West Bank, going there as often as he can to see things for himself. An aesthetician finds a measure of equanimity in the thought that the struggle will continue for a decade and people have to stand fast. Many of these talented writers and thinkers are in or near the Israeli intellectual establishment, but politically they feel trapped, sometimes helpless. Many seem to be living off their nerves.

Among my friends in the peace movement, questions keep recurring about American Jews. Won't American Jews speak out publicly when they learn about the methods that Israel has employed on the West Bank—brutalities that are common knowledge in Israel? Won't the



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"fundamental liberalism" of the American Jews finally reassert itself in a revulsion against Begin's policy?

Such hopes seem to me misplaced. The "fundamental liberalism" of American Jews has been considerably weakened in recent years. The major American Jewish organizations are determined to maintain their public silence about Begin's policies, though we know that many of their leading figures privately deplore them. For this not very forthright, indeed, humiliating stance, there are a number of reasons: "diaspora guilt," shrewdly manipulated by Israelis; loyalty to the Jewish state, which most American Jews feel is a trophy of victory in a time of disaster; and an honest conviction that public criticism of the Begin government would play into the hands of Israel's enemies. I believe the American Jewish organizations are sadly mistaken. But so it goes, and nothing seems likely to change. If Israel is to be turned away from its present course, it will have to be the work of the Israelis themselves.

THE CENTRAL ISSUE tormenting Israelis remains the West Bank, but over the last several months there has been more agitation and debate over the war in Lebanon. An increasing portion of the population has apparently grown disillusioned with the war, which has brought a steady accumulation of casualties and mired large numbers of Israeli troops in Lebanon. Peace Now activists believe they have more support in their criticism of the war in Lebanon than in their criticism of the West Bank policy.

Among a small but growing number of Israelis, some of whom feel Peace Now is too moderate and have formed another group called "There Is a Limit," the idea of civil disobedience has come to be accepted. This, for all practical purposes, is something new in Israel and suggests how deeply passions run. About two thousand reservists have refused to accept military assignments, and about sixty have been sentenced to jail for twenty-five to thirty-five days, a rather lenient punishment when compared to equivalent ones in the United States.

When young Israelis talk about civil disobedience, you realize how different their circumstances and traditions are from those in America. Even among the most ardent doves, the claims for national defense and emotions of collective solidarity remain strong. A good many Peace Now activists fought in Lebanon, despite their conviction that it was a useless war; some died in action.

The sentiment of individual protest simply cannot be as strong in Israel as in the United States, for among us that sentiment rests at least partly on a feeling that the United States is a large and powerful nation. Yet, as long as the damaging stalemate in Lebanon continues and the Begin government stays with its West Bank course, we may expect a slow but steady increase in the number of Israelis who resort, no doubt painfully and reluctantly, to civil disobedience. That young people in Israel, profoundly attached to their country and quite ready to die in its defense, should feel driven to such measures, is simply tragic.

What is the ultimate perspective of the Begin people? Don't they realize that a takeover of the West Bank can lead only to an endless sequence of resistance, sabotage, and armed struggle?

The answer runs, I believe, something like this: They propose to harass and humiliate the West Bank Arabs, though they hope not to be too brutal about it, so that finally the professionals and intellectuals will leave and only the uneducated, easily handled lower classes will remain, traveling each day to Jerusalem and Tel Aviv to perform manual labor. This calculation, a more humane version of Meyer Kahane's demand that the Arabs simply be driven out, is not only morally deplorable, it is politically dubious. For the number of educated, troublesome Arabs keeps increasing as West Bank society becomes modernized and even peasants now send their sons to the universities.

Supporters of Begin may deny that this is their perspective. I wouldn't question the sincerity of this denial insofar as it concerns their personal feelings. But to what else can their policy lead?

THOUGH I had been to Israel many times over the past decade, it was only on this trip that the moral shame of the West Bank policy came home to me. It came home in an absurdly simple form, and that is exactly how I want to keep it: Jews can be oppressors too. Who, you might ask, ever thought otherwise? Of course; but for anyone who has lived through even a portion of Jewish experience in this century, it is a thought that tears at the heart.

The Begin scenario is not inevitable. There are a few hopeful signs in Israel: the peace movement has grown, there is dovish stirring within the religious community, and some of the Gush Emunim people have asked for conversations with intellectual doves, perhaps because they too have come to see how dangerous the internal split is for the future of Israel. But right now Begin is in control, and if that continues for a few more years. . . .

The moral catastrophe of the West Bank will have every appearance, initially, of a political success. The Israelis will rule over the Arabs with imperial benevolence, though if there is much resistance, with a hard fist. The United States will provide the money for a policy it says it dislikes. The American Jewish leaders will moan privately and applaud publicly. The United Jewish Appeal will send delegations that will report home "with pride" on the new towns in the West Bank. And some people—who can say how many?—will be saddened by the thought that a Jewish state which had begun with such splendid reserves of social idealism should now, at least in part, rest on a structure of injustice.

The long-term strategy of the Begin people is to reduce the West Bank issue from one that is at the center of political debate to one that is perhaps remembered as a moral embarrassment—guilt, so to say, recollected in tranquility. And how many people, anywhere, stay awake nights worrying about the moral derelictions in their country's history?



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# STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

## Bomb, Bates, Brooks

On the subject of thermonuclear war, jokes are dubious, still I'm forced to a question: What would thriller-film producers have had to invent if the Bomb had never been invented? The latest James Bond concoction (oh, you know the title) builds to a limited nuclear threat, twenty thousand or so deaths. A much more ingenious concoction, *WarGames*, builds to the near-beginning of the Third, or Last, World War.

*WarGames*
(M-G-M/U.A.)

*Psycho II*
(Universal Oak)

*Prix de Beauté*
(Nicole Jouve Interama)

A high school boy, Matthew Broderick, is computer-mad and has a terminal that apparently is tapped into a lot of computer systems. He's not good at other subjects in school, so he gets the password to the school's computer system and upgrades his report card. Unintentionally his plot deepens. Experimenting with passwords, he accidentally taps into the computers of the Norad Command Post and, again unintentionally, provides access to that system for a computer, invented by a mad scientist, that runs amok on its own, like the genie in *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*. The mad computer reports preparations for a Soviet missile attack on Norad screens, and the Soviet denial of launching plans only heightens U.S. belief in the danger. At the last moment all is saved. (Which, since we're sitting there undisintegrated, we can sort of guess in advance—as with all such apocalyptic pictures.) On the way to the last moment, we get considerable irony, moderate suspense, and plenty of those pretty mosaics of flashing lights and computer ripplings that have become to our age's films what chases were to silent serials: standard décor.

*WarGames* is snapped along briskly by its director, John Badham, and the script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes is entertaining because it's built on fact: not the computer stuff as such but the scary, if limited, brightness of some high school students. As to the credibility of the story, it's at least sufficiently plausible to make the U.S. Air Force deny its possibility. (But I'd bet that somebody did a close review of the possibility of that possibility before entering the denial.) The Air Force also states that the film mistakenly coalesces the functions of Norad and SAC and the Navy: *WarGames* gives the top general in the Norad center too much authority. What the military have *not* objected to, which is astonishing, is the character of that top general, who is one more spinoff from General Turgidson in *Dr. Strangelove*. I'd have thought that the military would have been at least equally upset about this general. If the public is to believe that the topmost commander, the last man to be in touch with the President before the start of thermonuclear war, is a pugnacious baboon, then technological safeguards and think-tank deterrence plans are not much comfort to us.

Broderick, who was appealing as the youth in *Max Dugan Returns*, continues on his slightly awkward, engaging way. The mad scientist who created the mad computer is played by John Wood of the National Theater of London. I resent this. Wood is a virtuoso, but does an American nut need an English accent? What would have been wrong with a 100 percent Yankee Doodle nut?

On the other hand, why *not* a sequel to *Psycho*? Especially since Anthony Perkins, the original Norman Bates, was available. The expectation that *Psycho II* would equal its daddy never existed, not even for milder Hitchcock admirers like myself. All that was needed was professionally adequate mystery direction, which Richard Franklin supplied for the most part, and a clever enough script, which Tom Holland supplied all the way. One after another, we suspect certain persons of committing the crimes in *II*, and one by one, they get eliminated—not just as suspects, either. You need not have seen the original, though you'll miss numerous visual and other references if you haven't; this is a self-contained tale of a mad killer released after twenty-two years on the presumption that he is cured.

Hitchcock would have hated it, I think. Not just because, to put it gently, he would have directed it better (no telegraphing with canted camera, no fright music in sunny scenes) but because it's a horror picture, not a mystery thriller. The oft-repeated fact about the famous shower scene in Hitchcock's film is that, out of more than fifty shots, only one shows a knife entering the girl's body, and that shot is only a tiny puncture with no blood. In *Psycho II* you see, for instance, a closeup of a butcher knife shoved into the gaping mouth of a screaming woman. Hitchcock himself subsequently got more explicit with violence (as in *Frenzy*, 1972) but *Psycho* for *Psycho*, the new one is more repulsion than scare.

Presumably prompted by the recent publication of Louise Brooks's *Lulu in Hollywood*, the Film Forum in New York

### FILMS WORTH SEEING

*Breathless*. Godard's famous film transformed into a lesser but electric U.S. version today. Richard Gere slams the whole thing home.

*The Draughtsman's Contract*. Peter Greenaway wrote and directed this elegantly vicious anticomedy set in Restoration England. Unique and unmissable.

*Monty Python's The Meaning of Life*. W. H. Auden said he would not sit down to dinner with anyone who disliked Bellini's operas. Don't ask me over unless you like Monty Python.

*The Return of Martin Guerre*. Based on a true incident of sixteenth-century France. Story good, Gerard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye better, historical re-creation best.

**SK**



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has given Brooks's *Prix de Beauté* its American theatrical première. It's the only picture that Brooks made in France, and since it was done in 1930, it's a sound film. Brooks is dubbed, in speech and in her occasional singing. (She has said that Edith Piaf dubbed the singing.)

In his *New Yorker* profile of Brooks, reprinted in his book *Show People*, Kenneth Tynan wrote that Brooks had returned from Germany to New York after finishing *Pandora's Box* for G. W. Pabst and that she got a cable from him in April 1929, asking her to come to Paris for *Prix de Beauté*. He would produce, René Clair would direct. Two weeks later she was in Paris, posed for publicity shots with Clair, and then was told by him that the money for the film was not in hand. A few weeks later Pabst called her from Berlin, asking her to come there and make *Diary of a Lost Girl*, which she did. In August of 1929 Brooks was back in Paris. The money for *Prix de Beauté* had been found, along with a different director. Clair served only as one of four collaborators on the script.

BROOKS is as provocative as ever in this film, her legs and her columnar neck as sexy as ever. But the role of an innocent, fun-loving stenographer is not right for her. She is engaged to a young working-class man, wins a beauty contest, is wooed by a rich man, rejects him and marries her boyfriend; the rich man returns, this time with a movie offer. Bored with impoverished housekeeping, she goes off for a screen test; the jealous husband goes after her and kills her.

With Pabst and Clair in charge, this might have been a working-class tragedy, Germanic "city shadows" mixed with Clair's wistfulness, dramatizing the bewilderment and vulnerability of a simple girl burdened with a beauty that wrecks her life as it might have been wrecked by disease. But the writers never concentrated on a theme, never focused the drama, never developed characters. Brooks is just a victim; the only active role is the lover/husband, and the picture doesn't center on him. The script is just a series of mechanical, magazine-yarn episodes.

However, in sheerly filmic terms, it has considerable interest. The chief cinematographer was Rudolf Maté, who had already worked on two pictures for Carl Dreyer and who went on to a long career in Hollywood, including some directing; Maté knew how to light Brooks. The director was Augusto Genina, an Italian who sometimes worked in France. Tynan describes him as "briefly surfacing from obscurity" for this picture. This is inaccurate. (Where were the fabled *New Yorker* fact checkers?) Genina (1892-1957) directed about 150 films in a forty-year career. He was one of the leading Fascist directors and made some films under Mussolini that historians have had to recognize as extraordinary in texture.

The very first shot shows at least some cinematic life: the camera travels over a rack of parked bicycles to a beach party, thus establishing simultaneously the characters' class and a fluency of motion. Brooks's very last scene is exceptional. Tynan says that, in this scene, "the French infatuation with irony is fearsomely indulged." He is wrong both in national attribution and, I think, in opinion. The crazed husband opens the door of the screening room where Brooks is watching her own test, and shoots her. Then we see her lying dead on her back in the foreground, her profile etched in light, while on the screen behind her, she sings and smiles. Overly neat, no doubt, but if this bland little film has any point at all, that composition crystallizes it.

I went to see Brooks and, though not at her best, certainly saw her; but I got an unexpected dividend—a taste of Genina.

# PEPYS SHOW

## The Diary of Samuel Pepys, Volume X, The Companion and XI, The Index edited by Robert Latham and William Matthews

(University of California Press, Volume X, 656 pp., Volume XI, 368 pp., $35 each)

These two volumes complete the Latham and Matthews edition of Pepys—a labor of editorial devotion which has involved retranscribing the whole text from Pepys's shorthand and restoring passages that were too sexy for editors in a more squeamish age. The eleven volumes are worthy of the greatest diarist in the English language. The last two volumes were edited by Robert Latham alone, William Matthews having died before completing the task.

How to review these volumes on their own? One can hardly review an index, beyond saying that it is superb. *The Companion* identifies every person and place mentioned in the Diary—which must often have involved colossal labor for very small returns—and has a series of essays on relevant subjects, ranging from the Dutch Wars to Pepys's finances, from Sabbath observance to St. Valentine's Day. Most are by Robert Latham, but there are also contributions from a team of experts which includes Richard Ollard, Pepys's best biographer, and Christopher Lloyd, the naval historian. Some of these essays are little masterpieces in their own right. Richard Luckett's twenty-four pages on music are a first-class sociological as well as technical study. There are genealogical tables, maps, and a sixty-page glossary—all the information about Pepys and his world that anybody could reasonably ask for.

I noticed only one omission. After his wife's death Pepys lived the last thirty years of his life with Mary Skinner, and though they were never married she was accepted socially even by so priggish a man as John Evelyn. Although she is not mentioned in the Diary, it is a little sad that she is absent from *The Companion*. Why they never married remains a mystery. It may have been because there were some embarrassingly radical members of the Skinner family. Cyriack, Milton's friend, former chairman of the Harringtonian (that is, republican) Rota Club (of which Pepys had been a member) was Mary's uncle; her brother Daniel got into trouble in 1676 by trying to publish Milton's dangerously heretical theological treatise, *De Doctrina Christiana*. Not, perhaps, suitable relations for such a high-



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ranking civil servant as Pepys.

Pepys started his Diary on January 1, 1660, as the English republic was collapsing. In May Charles II was restored to the throne of his fathers, and everybody appeared to rejoice. Pepys's Diary helps us to see through official propaganda to the lurking skeletons. On January 30, 1649, Pepys, then within a few weeks of his seventeenth birthday, was present at the execution of Charles I as a traitor to the people of England—an event men wanted to forget in 1660. Pepys clearly did not regard it as a tragic occasion, nor the King as a martyr. "Were I to preach upon him," he said, "my text should be 'the memory of the wicked shall rot.' " He remembered this in his Diary with some alarm in October 1660 when he met an old schoolfellow who recalled that Pepys "was a great Roundhead when [he] was a boy." Fortunately he discovered that the man in question had left St. Paul's School before Charles I's trial. The fact that Pepys bothered to find this out illustrates his concern—understandable in the circumstances.

So when in May 1660 a naval council of war adopted a loyal address to Charles II, who was just about to return to England, Pepys eagerly signed it, "that if it should come in print my name may be at it." No man at the council of war, he observed, "seemed to say No to it, though I am confident many in their hearts were against it." Nearly every one who had been in the public service in the 1650s had a great deal to live down: political prudence was the order of the day. Fortunately for Pepys, the address was printed, "and my name at the bottom of it."

It was not just Pepys's youthful "Roundhead" ideas that he needed to worry about. He came from a family of Puritans. His mother was apparently a sectary, and he had Quaker relations. The whole family seems to have been Parliamentarian during the civil war. Cousin Richard was made lord chief justice of Ireland and knighted by Oliver Cromwell. Great-uncle Talbot, uncle Robert, and cousin Thomas had all been active in Parliament's service. The great Edward Montagu, created Earl of Sandwich at the Restoration, was first cousin to Pepys's father, a London tailor. Montagu had been Cromwell's right-hand man in the navy, and it was through him that Samuel got into the public service. Most of Pepys's acquaintances were former supporters of the republic: he has many accounts of conversations after 1660, often listening to seditious remarks from those who had not been so successful in making the transition to the new regime.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

So it is hardly surprising that Sir Joseph Bunce grumbled to Pepys in 1665 "this is the time for you . . . that were for Oliver heretofore; you are full of employment and we poor Cavaliers sit still and can get nothing." It was "a pretty reproach," Pepys admitted, "but answered nothing to it for fear of making it worse." Pepys took great pleasure in recording favorable remarks about Cromwell, and in the privacy of his Diary lost no opportunity to express or report disapproval of the morals of post-Restoration society in general, and in particular of the young ex-émigré cavaliers who thought "there was none fit to be courtiers but such as had been abroad and knew fashions." He was delighted to hear how indispensable stay-at-home Parliamentarians were to the efficient running of government business. He admired Sir Christopher Ming's refusal to conceal the fact that he was the son of a shoemaker, or to reject his old friends as he rose in the world. In a confidential moment Pepys confessed to the merchant Thomas Hill "how little merit do prevail in the world, but only favour; and that, for myself, chance without merit brought me in, and that diligence only keeps me so."

All this must be set against what most strikes readers of the Diary—Pepys's acceptance of, and adaptation to, the post-Restoration world and his determination to prosper in it. We see him advancing from buckles on his shoes, through a "white suit with silver lace coat" to "my new silk coat, the first that ever I wore in my life," followed by a sword; dancing for the first time, and paying his first visit to a gaming house. "My first new lace-band" followed, a velvet cloak and a wig. The culminating grandeur was his own coach with two fine black horses.

When the Diary begins Pepys had £25 in the world. He was worth nearly £100 six months later, in June 1660, and from then onwards advanced steadily till he stopped bothering to add up after he got to £6,000. He did his best to keep his wife in the dark about his financial situation lest she should get ideas above her station. In November 1660 she received Samuel's reluctant permission to wear the then fashionable black patches on her face, though she had started wearing them in August.

For Puritans a diary was an aid to godliness, a spiritual profit-and-loss account. Pepys used his Diary in adapting himself to the new Restoration life styles. His carefully recorded good resolutions, reinforced by solemn vows,



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helped him to keep play going and drinking under control, and so to concentrate on his work and finances. He paid money into the poor box when he broke his vows. This led to comical evasions and self-deceptions. When he was taken to a play at someone else's expense, "I look upon it as no breach to my oath." Four days later he went to another play with his wife, "she giving me her time of the last month, . . . so my vow is not broke at all, it costing me no more money than it would have done upon her, had she gone both her times that were due to her." But only five days after that he got Mr. Creed to take them both to a play, "lending him money to do it, which is a fallacy—to avoid my vow with, but never to be more practised, I swear."

From the beginning to the end of the Diary, Pepys normally refers to Sunday by its Puritan name, "the Lord's Day." But he did not always respect the day's sanctity. In July 1660 he hired a boat on the Sabbath, noting that it was the first time he had done such a thing. In October he asked God to forgive him for stringing his lute on the Lord's Day; by the following February he was composing airs on the Sabbath. Pepys used to read prayers to his household on Sunday evenings, but on September 29, 1660, he was so drunk that he dared not read them "for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was."

AT LEAST in words Pepys was a firm believer in the Puritan work ethic. "It is want of work," he observed in relation to his wife, "that do make her and all other people think of ways of spending their time worse." He had made a similar comment about "the effect of idleness and having nothing else to employ their great spirits upon" in the case of the King and the Duke of York. It was, Pepys said in August 1663, "against my nature to owe anything to anybody"—a statement confirmed by his scurry to pay outstanding debts at the end of each month or year. In 1663 he made a great scene about his wife using the word devil, though five days later he referred innocently to "my devilish jealousy." Complicated equivocations enabled him to deny accepting bribes—"not looking into it till the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper, if ever I should be questioned about it." This is indeed the homage that vice pays to virtue—or the post-Restoration civil servant to the standards set under the republic. It is part of Pepys's internal dialogue with himself. On August 23, 1668, he expressed unusual praise of "an excellent and persuasive, good and moral sermon," on a familiar theme in Restoration Anglican pulpits. The preacher "shewed, like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich than sin and villainy."

Pepys was at this period of his life resolutely hostile to popery and papists. In February 1661 he was worried about the possible succession to the throne of James, Duke of York, "he being a professed friend of the Catholics." He was prepared to let his wife have a French maid, but only on condition that she was a Protestant. He worried about his wife's leanings toward popery. Ironically enough, he was himself later to be accused of crypto-Catholicism. This hostility extended to bishops and clergy of the Church of England. "I do not like that the clergy should meddle with matters of state," he commented when Bishop Henry King "preached before the King and made a great flattering sermon." "The Bishops are so high," he wrote in March 1661, "that very few do love them." In August the clergy are "so high, that all people that I meet with do protest against their practice." "Hatred" was the word two years later. Pepys had not much use for his own parish minister, "a cunning fellow" who evaded eviction in 1662 by gradual compromises on the issues of wearing a surplice. "I love him as I do the rest of his cloth." But ultimately, after keeping him out of his house for five years, Pepys appears to have become reconciled to his existence. Perhaps his failure to acknowledge him had been noticed.

Pepys first heard Montagu's "indifference" and "perfect scepticism" in matters of religion with some surprise, but he soon seems to have found it acceptable. During the nine and a half years in which he kept the Diary, Pepys never received the sacrament. In April he was "somewhat afeard" of sleeping in a haunted chamber, but he did not let on. He revealed an interesting mixture of wishful credulity and scientific skepticism in his attitude towards a hare's foot as a cure for colic. Wearing it about him seemed to do him good, but he was not sure how. Arguments for


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the existence of witches failed to convince him.

The whole bent of his inquisitive mind was away from superstition, toward science, for the moderns against the ancients. In his thirtieth year Pepys began to learn the multiplication tables. Twenty-five years later, as president of the Royal Society, he gave his imprimatur to Isaac Newton's *Principia*. In between he supported "mathematick Admirals" and was the moving spirit in founding (with government money) the mathematical school at Christ's Hospital as a nursery for navigators. Pepys was just the sort of enlightened, curious amateur to whom the Royal Society was designed to appeal: his delight in its meetings, and especially in his conversations with leading scientists, is very attractive.

Without his Puritan background Pepys would have gotten nowhere: it was his diligence that made him, as he recognized. The one thing that the gentry restored to power in 1660 ought to have been able to do was to govern: for centuries that had been their function and their justification. But governing had become so complex that only men of talent could cope. Even fighting, the traditional job of the aristocracy, had become too professional and—especially at sea—just too much hard work. It called for new men, driven by ambition, imbued with a work ethic, self-selected by a career partially open to the talents. The doors were not so wide open that there were no jobs for gentlemen: but open enough for old republican "tarpaulin" captains to be able to make the navy the fighting force that England's aggressive foreign policy demanded, and for Pepys and his like to be there to get and account for the vast sums of money that the navy spent.

PEPYS'S greatest contribution to English history was to convince his superiors that naval wars could be won only if the officer class as a whole was professionalized. After his reforms, anyone aspiring to hold a lieutenant's commission must have served for three years at sea, one year at least in the lowly rank of midshipman, and must have passed a "solemn examination" in the theory and practice of navigation. Naturally these conditions were not always rigidly enforced; but the standards had been set. The captains, gentlemen or not, were subordinated to the bourgeois civil servants. The successes of the navy in the next century and a half vindicated Pepys.

One final puzzle. Why did Pepys never receive the knighthood which, very early in the Diary, he set as his goal? His achievements, and his position in the public service, should have made it his for the asking. Could Mary Skinner be the explanation? Self-made sons of tailors had to keep up appearances more circumspectly than those with bluer blood. The gentlemen captains "that could never be brought to order" may have felt that they had the last laugh here over the Cromwellian civil servant. But if my guess is correct, and Pepys sacrificed social rank for love, we may be reasonably certain that he thought he was getting a good bargain.

**CHRISTOPHER HILL**

Christopher Hill's most recent books are *Milton and the English Revolution* and *Some Intellectual Consequences of the English Revolution* (University of Wisconsin Press.)

# LEADOFF MAN

## Baseball's Great Experiment: Jackie Robinson and His Legacy by Jules Tygiel

(Oxford University Press, 344 pp., $16.95)

Much has happened since I had a late luncheon with Branch Rickey at Joe's Restaurant in the Borough Hall section of downtown Brooklyn, in March of 1945. After we had ordered and the waiter left, Rickey told me in strict confidence, "I don't know who he is, or where he is, but I'm going to put a Negro on the Brooklyn Dodgers."

I had been born white, and in Columbus, Mississippi. I had been raised in central Florida in the strictly segregated small town of Sanford—which a year later forced Rickey to hastily get Jackie Robinson out of town after he had barely arrived. I had little appetite when the food was served. Rickey had shaken me to my foundations. He shook all of baseball, and much of the country, seven months later, when it was announced that Montreal, the No. 1 team in the Dodgers' farm system, had signed Jackie Robinson—a Negro—to a contract. The die was cast. Rickey never turned back or wavered in his decision to "break the color line in baseball."

I was the radio announcer for the Dodgers, and had been since baseball broadcasting began in New York in 1939. I had the hottest microphone ever when Jackie Robinson came to Brooklyn in 1947. This was raw, uncertain history. By chance I was broadcasting with Mel Allen at Yankee Stadium in 1955 when Elston Howard became the first black Yankee. It was routine. The battle had been fought and won.

The importance of Branch Rickey's decision, and the way Robinson carried it out, was well recorded as it occurred. Then, as baseball became completely integrated, it was taken for granted that black athletes would play with and against whites. Integration in schools and colleges followed the pivotal 1954 Supreme Court decision banning discrimination in education. Football teams in the deep South soon became as black as they were white. Winning, not color, was the new yardstick.

President Truman in 1948 directed that the armed forces end discrimination, but civilian life remained segregated. The 1954 Supreme Court decision changed all that. Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus detonated the first major explosion when he defied the integration order in Little Rock in 1957 and forced President Eisenhower to send in federal troops. Martin Luther King Jr. began leading marches in Alabama which brought forth hostile police who used force, dogs, and water hoses. In 1963 Alabama Governor George Wallace personally tried to bar black students from the University at Tuscaloosa. The most violent reaction to allowing black students to enroll at



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white institutions was at the University of Mississippi at Oxford in 1962, when James Meredith tried to enter and Governor Ross Barnett demanded he be repelled. Riots erupted, and people died. President Kennedy had to send in federal troops, federalize the Mississippi National Guard, and keep U.S. marshals at the school to protect Meredith. Rickey had made his move sixteen years before.

The battle over civil rights continues today, but it is now fought by laws and by votes. There is no violence in the streets. There never has been physical protest in sports about blacks invading white territory—thanks largely to Branch Rickey and Jackie Robinson. Rickey planned carefully, moved carefully, brought his patient intelligence to bear on the overall problem, and had the judgment to select Jackie Robinson as the man to do it. Keep in mind the courage of these two men. Rickey was the one man in all of baseball who decided to break the unwritten law that had kept the game for whites only. He alone decided, then did it, and acted with consummate calculation to make it succeed. One man went against an entire institution.

RICKEY'S selection of Robinson was primarily spiritual. He accepted his scouts' evaluation of Robinson's physical abilities. Rickey never saw Robinson until Jackie was brought into his office. Then, in a three-hour meeting, Rickey decided Robinson was the man spiritually to "for three years . . . three years . . . not answer back. . . . Take what came. . . . Turn the other cheek. . . . For this is the only way it can be done. . . . For three years." And Robinson did it.

Rickey died in 1965, Robinson in 1972. In 1983 there are about as many black baseball and pro football players as white, and in basketball there are more blacks than whites. Many of the star athletes are black. Big league baseball has been able to expand from sixteen to twenty-six teams largely because of the number of black players.

It is fitting that what Rickey and Robinson set in motion be remembered and preserved. There have been many books on the subject. In 1981 there was the expensive Broadway musical called *The First*, which closed after thirty-seven performances, not because of lack of story material or staging but lack of music.

Now we have *Baseball's Great Experiment: Jackie Robinson and His Legacy* by Jules Tygiel, professor of history at San Francisco State University. A scholar, he spent five years in the widest, deepest researching I know anything about—traveled, interviewed, visited, read, compiled. He began, as he should have, with Negro baseball in the United States. Organized—that is, white—baseball was isolated from the Negro Leagues. Robinson's crossing over into white baseball began the end of the black leagues. This is a story few white people know anything about. Much of it was news to me. I lived and worked on the white side of the street.

THE WORD for this book is synthesis. Tygiel has traced and woven together all the strands of this modern revolution, one with drastic effects for all concerned. He has given us the historic perspective on the Negro players and their lives in their unorganized leagues. Obviously his main character is Jackie Robinson, over and above Rickey, which I think is a misplaced emphasis. Analyze it any way you wish, Rickey remains the fundamental element. Without Rickey we might never have heard of Robinson. Without Rickey, baseball would not have been integrated for years. Period.

Tygiel traces the coming into the big leagues of Roy Campanella, Don Newcombe, Willie Mays, etc. He gives full credit to young Bill Veeck at Cleveland for integrating the American League with Larry Doby late in the 1947 season—considerably after Rickey had broken the ice. (By then Robinson had become not only a splendid performer but also the biggest gate attraction since Babe Ruth.) Once Veeck made his move, however, the rest of the way was smooth. It was only a matter of orderly time before big league baseball was completely white and black, and Negro baseball finished.

*Baseball's Great Experiment* is an impressive synthesis of American history. It is well written, and because the integration of American society is still going on, it doesn't read like history. This is by far the most comprehensive single book on the subject. It's hard to write a complicated work without errors getting into the first edition. I know. Tygiel needed a better editor who was conversant with big league baseball. How he allowed himself, or was allowed, to refer frequently to J. G. Taylor Spink, the


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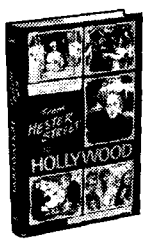


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late Hall of Fame publisher of *The Sporting News*, as "Tom" Spink is a wonder. He has the first black big league umpire, Emmett Ashford, being brought up in the National League when in fact it was the American. He has Joe Medwick spiking Jackie Robinson when it didn't happen. This is not to be picky—it's a matter of sharper editing.

Now—this I want to say. The unsung hero of 1947 was manager Burt Shotton. Tygiel accepts Shotton as the writers wrote about him, and they gave Shotton a poor image. Most writers cared little for him, knew little about him, and two writers who covered the Dodgers—Dick Young of *The Daily News* and Harold Rosenthal of *The Herald Tribune*—hated him. They gave him the public business, and freely said they wanted him fired.

Leo Durocher was the manager in the spring of 1947. Durocher stemmed a threatened rebellion by some of the Dodgers. Stopped it cold. He would have fought for Robinson with every ounce of his strength. No question. But Durocher was abruptly suspended by Commissioner Happy Chandler just before the season started. The Dodgers—and Robinson—played their first two games in 1947 without a manager. Rickey offered the job to Joe McCarthy, who had quit Larry MacPhail and the Yankees. McCarthy promptly turned it down. Rickey sent for Shotton, who was in retirement in Bartow, Florida. They were longtime friends. Shotton, 63, had sworn never to wear a baseball uniform again. He didn't, which meant he had to remain out of sight in the dugout. He wasn't colorful. He wasn't loud. He wasn't a pop-off guy. He was a sound baseball man, unafraid and steady as a rock. Above all he was Rickey's man—and he supported Robinson completely.

All this old man did was settle the most upset baseball team in history. Shotton laid his strong hands on this first integrated clubhouse, first integrated dugout, and brought order and cohesion. He had a pitifully shaky pitching staff, which he nursed carefully. What Shotton did in 1947 was win the pennant, and nearly win the World Series from the Yankees. That's all.

*Baseball's Great Experiment* gives us the first in-depth, fully rounded picture of the successful integration of major league baseball, which set an immediate pattern for other sports. The athletic world never needed federal intervention. In fact, Rickey and Robinson wiped out a lot of Jim Crow laws. This book should be required reading for whites and especially for blacks. We take athletic integration today for granted. It didn't come easily, especially for Robinson and his black compatriots. And not for Rickey. The title of the book could well have been *They Paid The Price*.

THE MAN who paid the biggest price was, of course, Robinson. Rickey might have paid a higher price. He didn't know how destructive breaking the color line might be to the Brooklyn franchise. Would the surging waves of black fans drive away white fans? How many black players on the team would be acceptable? How upset would the Dodger players be when Robinson joined the team? After all, this was a pennant-contending ball club that had tied the Cardinals the year before and lost the playoff. Suppose the first black player failed? What then? Would Rickey's drastic and unprecedented bombshell wreck the Dodgers and damage both major leagues? Rickey didn't, couldn't, know. However, he was willing to pay whatever it might cost. He set his face, he planned carefully, he acted. His price became less and less as Robinson succeeded on and off the field, as Shotton settled the Dodgers, and as attendance soared to record heights. The winning of the 1947 pennant ended any doubts. Rickey had done it.

Jackie Robinson and his bride Rachel started paying the price at once, even before Jackie had reached the 1946 spring training camp at Daytona Beach, Florida. Shortly after their marriage in Los Angeles, the Robinsons flew to New Orleans, where they changed planes for Jacksonville and then Daytona Beach. Rachel had never been in the South. Suddenly she and Jackie encountered Jim Crow in full force. They were bumped from the plane at Pensacola, Florida, so that two white passen-

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gers might come aboard. They took a bus and were ordered to sit in the last row, although more comfortable seats in the front were available. They had to enter restaurants by the back door, and went hungry rather than accept the indignity. There were no clean places to sleep. Jackie had to make it on the hotly competitive playing field. Rachel had to suffer in the stands, hearing the taunts and profanities.

Rickey demanded that Jackie turn the other cheek, and do it for three years. Rickey said later that Jackie turned the other cheek so often he finally had no other cheek to turn—both were beaten off. Jackie paid the price. He blazed the trail. Day after day, game after game, year after year, Robinson paid. The title of the last book Jackie wrote, shortly before his death, is *I Never Had It Made*.

**RED BARBER**

Red Barber was, with Mel Allen, the first broadcaster to be inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1978. A broadcaster for the major leagues for thirty-three years, he is the author most recently of *1947: When All Hell Broke Loose in Baseball* (Doubleday).

# WHO LOST AMERICA?

## The Fall of the First British Empire: Origins of the War of American Independence
## by Robert W. Tucker and David C. Hendrickson

(The Johns Hopkins University Press, 450 pp., $24)

Why men rebel is a question that conservatives rarely find appealing and rarely answer well. Not so the fall of empires. This is a subject they can sink their teeth into, evoking as it does images of human fallibility, the brute reality of power, and even the doctrine of unintended consequences to remind us what happens to the best laid plans. Those familiar with the writings of Robert W. Tucker, the highly respected and tough-minded analyst of contemporary world politics, will not be surprised to learn that the fate of empires interests him more than the causes of revolutions. They might wonder instead what there is about the American Revolution that could distract Tucker from more urgent matters, or that could have led him and his younger colleague, David Hendrickson, to turn what was originally meant to be one chapter in a larger work on American diplomacy into a four hundred-page analysis of British imperial policy.

These questions are easily answered as soon as one glimpses the image which lies at the heart of this book. It is that of a great and newly ascendant empire, freshly triumphant in a global conflict of unprecedented scale, which found itself incapable of controlling its most valued dependencies, defining its legitimate interests, or applying its enormous strength in a timely and effective manner. Merely to state the problem this way explains its inherent fascination. The eighteenth century understood what made the fate of empires so compelling a subject: Piranesi's sketches of Roman ruins and Gibbons's history of Rome (published in the year of American independence) attest to its appeal. It remains a subject of more than academic interest today.

Tucker and Hendrickson's principal purpose is to expose the naiveté of the many historians—led, perhaps, by Edmund Morgan, but with ample room for many lesser lights, myself included—who have mistakenly argued that the British could have averted the Revolution, and preserved their dominion over America, simply by taking colonial grievances seriously. Modern historians have generally agreed that the real decisions that led to independence were taken not in Boston or Philadelphia or Williamsburg, but in London. Not that the colonists were entirely blameless. Consumed as they were by a view of politics that was suspicious of all authority, they construed each British measure after 1763 in the worst possible light. But the prevailing interpretation insists that it was always Britain that took the initiative, provoking the Americans to measures they otherwise would never have pursued. The empire acted, the colonists reacted—and became revolutionaries only after the government in London refused to consider any reasonable schemes of reconciliation.

Progress in historical thinking being what it is, we now seem to have reached the advanced stage of explaining the Revolution in the same terms the revolutionaries used to justify it. In challenging this benign view, however, Tucker and Hendrickson have no problem resisting the romantic guff about liberty, rights, and self-government that historians ordinarily peddle.

What interests them instead is the logic of empire, the contradictions of power, and the inherently adversarial character of the Anglo-American relationship. Their dissection of the structure of the imperial controversy—though marred by an annoying effort to raise the rhetorical question to the level of an art form—is geniunely impressive. Tucker and Hendrickson take great pains to identify the range of alternatives, contingencies, and substantive issues that confronted British


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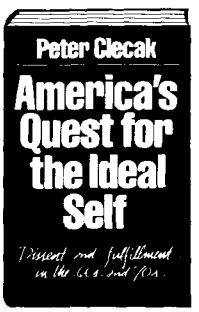


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policymakers at every stage of the controversy. The rigor with which they gauge risks and spin out scenarios will also be a revelation to anyone curious to know how strategic thinkers think. Yet the complexity of the analysis belies the simplicity of the argument, which has many refinements but only two great themes.

The first of these concerns what Tucker and Hendrickson call the problem of the status quo. The historians' gravest error, they argue, has been to accept the colonists' oft-repeated claim that all they wanted was to be returned to their situation at the end of the Seven Years War. That plea was defective on several counts, however. It ignored not only the absence of any clearly defined status quo to which both parties could fairly appeal, but also the real consequences of the war itself, which had destroyed whatever equilibrium may have existed. More important, the appeal to the status quo in fact amounted to a prescription for American independence. The colonists had already made a mockery of the navigation system, turned the crown's governors into prisoners of their own assemblies, and supported the empire's larger security needs only with great reluctance. In challenging Parliament's power to levy taxes or enact legislation, they were now demanding formal recognition of their own right to decide whether or when they would defer to the greater good of the empire.

In this situation, a policy of conciliation was tantamount to surrender. The British had acted reasonably in attempting to tighten the sinews of empire, Tucker and Hendrickson conclude; they were no less right to insist that the colonists recognize Parliament's sovereignty. To have done otherwise would have meant granting the colonies a status of equality within the empire, and thus confessing that the empire would henceforth operate on the basis of mutual convenience. Some empire that would be.

But if the British thus stand acquitted of "causing" the Revolution, they can still be tried for failing to prevent it. This failure gives the book its second great theme: what the authors call "the diplomacy of appeasement." In any modern inquest on international statecraft, there can be no more damning charge.

Munich came early in this conflict. The Stamp Act crisis of 1765-66 "dealt a crippling blow to the substance of British authority" in America and began "the process of turning the imperial presence into an object of scorn and contempt." In its wake, "hawks" and "doves" alike were bound by a "twofold consensus—to avoid the armed coercion of America and to maintain the supremacy of Parliament" that went "virtually unchallenged" until war broke out in 1775. It would take not just the Boston Tea Party, but also the recognition that the Coercive Acts of 1774 were coercive in name only, to make the government realize that these two goals were self-contradictory. Why it took successive governments so long to do so is the question that literally haunts the second half of this book.

CONTRADICTIONS are more troubling in logic than they are in history, where we find them all the time. Among the many problems with this provocative, perverse, but less than persuasive book, the most serious may be that it dwells far more on the *logic* of the opposing positions than on the real concerns that moved men to act as they did. This emphasis on the structure of the controversy is not without its merits. No historian should ever again depict the colonists' vaunted affection for Britain without catching its narcissistic hue, nor ignore just how self-serving their appeal to the status quo actually was. And Tucker and Hendrickson do show a nice impartiality toward both countries, evincing equal disdain for self-aggrandizing colonists and pusillanimous Britons. (One senses in this, of course, more than a muted echo of the conservatives' double curse on the protagonists of the 1960s—the assertive and self-righteous protesters and the spineless and self-doubting establishment they attacked.)

Their account nonetheless fails to provide credible explanations of the two developments that concern them most: the growth of an American attachment to independence, and the British government's prolonged aversion to coercion. Their analysis of American resistance is carved in cardboard. Whatever one may say about the logic of the status quo argument, decisions in favor of resistance and later independence involved something more than the completion of a syllogism. There were numerous "patriots"—among them some of the Revolution's most prominent leaders—who weighed the risks of independence very carefully against the mere right of revolution, and whose final commitments were more the outgrowth of a decade's disillusionment with the erratic course of British policy than of the powerful passion for autonomy and equality that Tucker and Hendrickson baldly apply to the colonies as an undifferentiated unit.

WHEN they turn to the "bewildering inconstancy" of Britain's "twofold consensus," their argument seems similarly deficient. The principal variable that distinguishes American resistance from British timidity seems to be willpower. Yet while taking successive ministries to task for failing to enforce imperial policy, they studiously refrain from asking how a policy of "armed coercion" would actually have been implemented. On this rather interesting point, they admit that the objections against the use of force "were certainly real enough," but then wistfully add that "had the determination to do so been there," the effort could have been made. This explains nothing.

Perhaps it is not meant to. While their criticism of the status quo argument is original, their analysis of British policy after 1765 does not diverge significantly from the accepted portrait. What does set their approach apart is the conviction that coercion would inevitably be necessary, and really was the answer—in which case it should have been used earlier. One senses that their deeper concern is to argue that force was—and always must be—a legitimate instrument of empire. But the point that has been at issue is not the legitimacy of coercion but its utility; and the authors' reluctance to address this problem directly leaves the reader wondering what their deeper purposes are.

Indeed, there are times when one is tempted to read this book allegorically. One could, for example, see Britain's adherence to the theory of parliamentary sovereignty as the equivalent of the postwar American commitment to the strategy of containment. Both doctrines proved difficult to implement in practice but impossible to abandon in theory. An allegorical reading might also explain the authors' curious characterization of British policy as "appeasement," with its implicit evocation of the Munich analogy. The concept *may* have some validity when a nation is dealing



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with rapacious dictators of totalitarian (or even authoritarian) persuasion; it is far less useful when the antagonists described share a common language, religion, and political culture.

In arguing that conciliation made more sense than coercion, historians have rested their case not only on a mild reading of the colonists' intentions, but also on the knowledge that, in the end, coercion did not work. The logical extension of the authors' argument must be that the fortunes of war could easily have taken another turn. That case is not presented here. But readers who want to see how well the empire struck back can look forward to a companion volume on the Revolutionary War now being prepared by Piero Gleijeses, the author of a fine analysis of the Dominican intervention of 1965. In the meantime, Tucker and Hendrickson have given us a great deal to think about, but not much reason to change our minds.

JACK N. RAKOVE

Jack N. Rakove teaches American history at Stanford University. He is currently completing a biography of James Madison.

# THE MUMMY'S TOMB

## Lenin Lives! The Lenin Cult in Soviet Russia by Nina Tumarkin

(Harvard University Press, 315 pp., $20)

When Panait Istrati, visiting Moscow in the 1930s, asked a Russian Communist, "Why did you embalm Lenin?" he was told: "Because we don't believe in the immortality of soul."

It is an apt yet elusive answer. Many people believe in the immortality of the soul but nobody can believe in the immortality of an ordinary body; for however long you might preserve the corpse by mummifying it, it will eventually turn into dust (except for the resurrection, that is; but a resurrected body is supposed to be made of a different, incorruptible material). However, there were important reasons for embalming Lenin, and they are thoroughly and meticulously described in Nina Tumarkin's book.

This is an exquisite work which might be variously labeled a study in the sociology of religion or in the political and ideological history of the Soviet Union. It analyzes in great detail the emergence, development, and significance of the quasi-religious, state-imposed cult of Lenin in the history of Soviet ideology and institutions. *Lenin Lives!* is, to my knowledge, the first comprehensive study of the phenomenon—surprisingly enough, considering the importance of the cult for the survival of the Soviet state. To be sure, Soviet ideology, by comparison with economic or military history, seems to be hopelessly boring stuff. Yet Professor Tumarkin's book is not boring at all. It is vivid, learned, and elegant; stuffed with seemingly trivial details, it never becomes heavy or uselessly erudite.

The author begins by detailing the specifically Russian religious and secular tradition that laid the groundwork for the cult: the popular worship of czars and of saints (whose bodies were supposed to resist corruption) and the attempts by some Bolsheviks before the revolution to assimilate religious forms and language within the Communist ideology and produce a "religion of mankind." Despised as it might be by Lenin himself, this "God-building" movement was to have a great deal of influence in the preparation of the later cult of Vladimir Ilich. In the next chapter Professor Tumarkin examines some aspects of Lenin's biography and details his own contribution to the cult: it was not personal vanity or a need for flattery that fertilized the ground for worship; it was rather his belief in his own infallibility and a strong desire to be unquestionably obeyed. Because Lenin identified himself completely with the party and the state he created, his death inevitably occasioned a succession crisis—one that has plagued the Soviet system ever since. The Lenin myth, we learn from the third chapter, emerged during his lifetime as a natural ingredi-


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ent of the party propaganda machinery; the assassination attempt provided ideologists, agitators, and poets with a good theme for an avalanche of devotional literature largely modeled on the traditional Christian martyrology.

Early on, the worship of Lenin was not yet standardized, nor was it entirely organized by the party and state apparatus; his deification included elements of a spontaneous popular movement. He was, after all, unquestionably a great figure and, as under the czars of old, people tended to blame their various hardships on some unworthy subordinates, rather than on the benevolent Father in the Kremlin. The emotional explosion that followed the leader's death was in part genuine. The party succeeded in turning the heavy blow into a major ideological feat by fabricating an immortal god who, by a kind of mystical participation, was to assure the unity of Communist movement all over the world. The mourning, the funeral ceremonies, the embalming of the corpse, and the building of the shrine—these laid the foundation for an elaborately ritualized bigotry which, far from being just another adornment in the system of official ideology, became a crucial force in supplying Communist authorities with the principle of everlasting legitimacy: Lenin founded the state, Lenin was infallible, and Lenin is immortal.

Professor Tumarkin points out that three people were instrumental in institutionalizing the cult of Lenin's body (the idea of embalming was by no means unanimously adopted by the party leadership; Trotsky, Bukharin, and Kroupskaia opposed the project): Vladimir Bonch-Bruevich, Leonid Krasin, and Anatol Lunacharsky. The first was an expert in Russian religious sects and the other two had been active in the "God-builders" movement which, by adopting Feuerbach's and Comte's idea of the religion of mankind, tried to embellish the crudely materialistic and atheistic party doctrine with a quasi-religious sentimental phraseology. Thus we may guess that there was a conscious effort being made to give the cult an expression borrowed from the religious tradition. A "secular religion"? "A parody of religion" seems more appropriate.

Among pieces of information previously unknown to me, one was particularly interesting. Professor Tumarkin mentions the discussions on the architectural design of Lenin's mausoleum. Both the chief architect, A. Shchusev, and Kazimierz Malewicz argued that the shrine should be built in the form of a cube because the cube is the best representation of eternity. Most of us would probably associate the cube with a heavy immobility, a stagnant torpor; it turns out that it was a perfect symbol of eternity in the Communist perception! I wonder if this symbol has persisted in Soviet aesthetics.

THE LAST PART of the book follows the destiny of Lenin's worship in subsequent years. Converted into a boring bureaucratic routine, the cult was not quite immutable: its forms changed depending on the actual needs of the party. Each of the various cliques vying for power in the leadership had to establish its claim as the most faithful inheritor and best guardian of Lenin's legacy. The victory of one faction did not result, of course, from its success in providing such proof; quite the contrary, whoever won thereby demonstrated that his interpretation was "correct." No major initiative could be taken by the party or the government without the explicit endorsement of, or even a direct order from, the poor mummy eternally alive in his transparent glass coffin. Towns, streets, factories, universities, libraries, and *kolkhozes* named after him witnessed to Lenin's joyful, energetic immortality.

Once Stalin was well in saddle, however, the Lenin cult was significantly restricted, while Stalin organized an incredible orgy of adulation to himself; the veneration of the Great Genius was incorporated into the new worship of the Greatest Greatest Genius. Indeed, in the Stalinist period Lenin's main merit was that he had been Stalin's precursor. It was therefore natural that after the demolition of Stalin worship Khrushchev not only restored the adoration of Lenin but infused it with unprecedented vigor, saturating every area of Soviet life with the never-fading memory of the Founder.

One cannot help thinking, while perusing this delightful book, of the sad, posthumous destinies of the Communist leaders. They like to repeat that the "bourgeois" politicians "are consigned to the dustbin of history," but this malediction in fact perfectly fits their own fate. Where have all the immortals gone? When they were not simply slaughtered by their comrades and traitors forever—like almost all of Lenin's companions and numerous leaders in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, and China—they were disgraced after death—like Stalin and his local replicas in people's democracies. Or else they were removed from office in disgrace and banished to oblivion—like Malenkov, Khrushchev, Rakosi, Novotny, Gomulka, and Gierek. Even those who manage blissfully to expire in *odore sanctitatis*, like Brezhnev, are forgotten when still warm. Who will ever reprint (not to speak of reread) his immortal speeches, published until recently in countless editions (all of them, to be sure, written by obscure apparatchiks in the Central Committee)? Who ever mentions Ulbricht, Czervenkov, Gottwald? Someone, after all, has to be guilty of "neglecting the agriculture," "losing link with the toiling masses"; someone has to bear responsibility for the never-ending and always-accidental economic calamities. There is one and only one exception to this gloomy procession without happy ending—Vladimir Ilich. The frail skeleton (assuming that it is there in the glass box) alone has to carry, like healthy Atlas, the entire universe of Communist ideology, and Soviet policy, confirming the legitimacy of the empire. It was Khrushchev, if I remember correctly, who established the custom of giving Lenin a party card (No. 1) every time the new cards were issued. Lenin, no doubt, is delighted. Nobody can deny that the totalitarian empire is mainly his work and glory. As to more specific parts of his legacy, their viability is bound to be ambiguous. This is illustrated by two Polish anecdotes. One of them tells about a party agitator quoting in his speech a poem of Mayakovski: " 'we say: party, and we mean: Lenin, we say: Lenin, and we mean: party'; and so it goes on and on, comrades, we say one thing and we mean another." The second anecdote is of recent origin: a terribly worried General Jaruzelski visits Lenin's shrine and asks the Great Leader for advice: what to do with Poland's intractable problems? The mummy moves with a considerable difficulty and whispers: "Arm the workers!"

**LESZEK KOLAKOWSKI**

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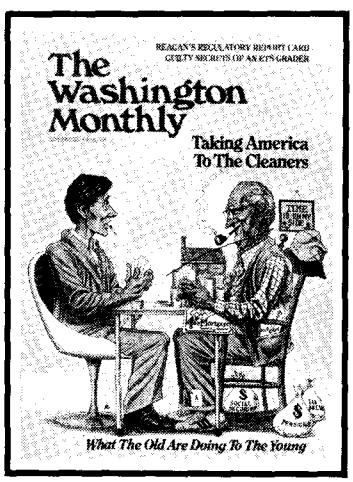


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# Golf As Metaphor

## Seaview
## by Toby Olson

(New Directions, 250 pp., $6.95)

When poet and novelist Toby Olson was named winner of the 1983 PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction, *Seaview* was plucked from the charnel house to which most new novels are neatly dispatched, some even before they're quite born. If Olson were asked to describe the award ceremony in the style of *Seaview*, he would do so by omitting not a single detail about the physical measurements, architecture, and appointments of the reading room of the Folger Shakespeare Library where the event took place, on the basis of which a scale model could probably be constructed. Every aspect of the participants' appearance, posture, expressions, attire, and so on, would be scrupulously observed and noted, though their words would be given less attentive consideration. And this long catalogue of specific, concrete details would be arranged, either naturally or through some artifice employed by its compiler, to signify more than the sum of its parts, to reverberate some big theme—perhaps, in this case of a novel rescued from the lip of obscurity, the theme of resurrection.

For this is Olson's mode in *Seaview*. Precise details abound. People don't just touch or talk to each other—they touch "lightly" on the "bone" of the "elbow," they whisper "below and behind" into the "shoulder." Indeed, meticulous observation, as practiced and rendered by the author, is a value in the novel, too. The sympathetic, right-acting characters possess this quality, cultivate it, and are, in a sense, defined and elevated by it. Allen, the taciturn golf-hustler, takes note of every shade and nuance within the brackets of the game itself. His wife, Melinda, dying of cancer, is an instrument finely tuned to the details of her contracting world. Their Pima Indian friend with the bird name, Bob White, who joins them in Tucson and accompanies them on their cross-country ride to Melinda's birthplace on Cape Cod, is perhaps the sharpest eyed of them all, and in one tender scene demonstrates for the ailing woman, with uncanny accuracy, all the subtleties of her gestures and bearing. Richard, on the other hand, the sadist and small-time drug pusher who is pursuing Allen for the thrill of killing him, is pitiful because he is oblivious to his surroundings and sets no store at all in observing: "What trees there were outside could bend their boughs, their twigs reaching, in that green aching density they wear, out to touch each other in the night, and he wouldn't care." The mournful list of what Richard neither sees nor cares to see lengthens.

While this technique of piling details on top of each other often produces a rich impact, the effect can also be congested and tedious, shallow and forced. In *Seaview*, there's a kind of compulsiveness underlying its use, a drive toward completeness that seems irresistible. A similar type of compulsiveness is reflected in the character, Allen. In the final scene of the novel when, in the middle of a tournament, the Indians occupy the golf course called Seaview on a piece of the Cape to which they hold a tribal claim, and protesting hang gliders, nude bathers, and assorted demonstrators, descend on the course and the adjacent beach, threatening the lives of Allen, Melinda, and some others—in the middle of all this, Allen notices his ball resting exactly "where he had planned for it to end." He is gripped by a powerful "physical urge" to "make the putt, get the ball down for their eagle. . . . He needed to close it, to finish the process that he had started at the tee. . . . [The ball] yearned for its death in the hole, and he throbbed and yearned with it." Without a doubt, *Seaview* is one of those books in which a game of golf is not just a game of golf.

This scene, the culmination of the novel, contains the promise of both comedy and tragedy, but is simply too loaded in its specifics and too burdened with symbolic freight to get off the ground. A similar disappointment occurs earlier in the book, in a pivotal episode, when the three travelers stop at a motel in a town not far from Sioux City, Iowa. They discover an abandoned miniature golf course with a sea motif, where they play into the night. At the tenth hole, Allen's ball enters the cavity of the dolphin obstacle, and while inserting a putter to extricate it, he disturbs a snake with a bird locked in its jaw. All the heavy emblems are dredged out of that poor dolphin—birth, death, sex, water, the lot—and held earnestly before the reader's eyes until they sink in. The symbols are obvious, and they're squeezed for all they're worth.

Sometimes, though, Olson's packing of visual details builds to an effect that is just right. This usually occurs when the evolving scene is assigned a more modest and limited role in the context of the book, when it is not painfully hooked together as a platform to display the profundities. One such episode occurs early in the novel, in Tucson, where we observe how Allen earns his livelihood as a golf-hustler. The description of the game is nicely and leisurely paced; it is suitably precise and concentrated, and the evocation of the players and the tensions that animate them is masterful. Golf operates as metaphor here, too, it's true; but it does so delicately, without smothering the life around it.

BUT the most devastating use of this massing of sharply observed physical details—in some ways, almost a self-parody by the author—is the portrait of the Chair (Chairman Fredericks, chairman of the golf commission at Seaview) at his toilet as he prepares for the big tournament. Two respectable-sized paragraphs, totaling approximately 350 words, are devoted to a description of his pants alone. Anyone with a mind to owning a similar pair of pants, could, on the basis of the information provided here, duplicate them to the last stitch.

> The Chair had picked out a pair of white cotton pants with little boats on them. The boats were set a good three inches apart, so there was no mistaking that the pants were white. They had no cuffs and were double-stitched with kelly-green thread down the outer seams. On the wide belt loops, fragments of the little boats could be made out. The boats were toylike, and each of them floated on a curl of wave that was equal to their length and about a quarter-inch deep. The waves were a few thin lines of green and blue, with the white of the background showing through. The boats seemed not to be located in any clear pattern; some were at right



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angles with the leg, but some were set askew, and a couple were almost upside down. Their hulls were dark green, and they had bright red masts that were topped with orange sails. They did not seem seaworthy. Each one had a small porthole with crosshatched lines in its side, and each had a little pink rudder, and a pink point at its prow.

At five places on the legs there were five little whales. They were the same size as the boats, and they too floated on little waves. They were pink in color, with curvy tales, and they each spouted a curl of water from their blowholes. They each had a little eye and little green lines for smiles. Near the slit of both front pockets, but not printed in a symmetrical way, there were two dolphins. These were the same size and general shape as the whales, and only their color (they were blue) seemed to distinguish them. But at a closer look, which the Chair had taken before buying the pants, one could see that the dolphins, though they sat on similar waves, had no blowholes or curls of spout, and they were not, like the whales, riding the waves but were arched in mid-dive, halfway between the exit from one wave and the entrance into another. They didn't seem to have any pupils in their happy eyes.

There's more to *Seaview*, certainly, than a fascination with pinning down the visual details. Melinda's arduous journey to her death in her place of birth, Bob White's quest to reclaim the land where his people had their origin, and Alan's inevitable progression toward a primitive and absurd confrontation with Richard are all pulled together by the trip back across the breadth of the country and by golf, which here takes its place alongside baseball as the quintessential American game. But in the end, this is very much a poet's novel. The images that are captured, the patterns they form, and the ideas they yield are the basic materials, and the final structure stands or falls by them. *Seaview* is a novel that's wrought with a great deal of serious care, and for that alone it deserves its fair share of our attention. If it required the extreme intervention of a prize to save it from an early death, then all honor to it.

**TOVA REICH**

Tova Reich is the author of *Mara* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a novel.

# THE HEART OF THE MATTER

## Quarks: The Stuff of Matter
## by Harald Fritzsch

(Basic Books, 281 pp., $19)

Breaking things open to see how they work is a passion seldom indulged after a certain age. A child with a screwdriver can find a rainy day's reward poking at the springs and ratchets of an alarm clock, or even at the messy innards of a flashlight battery; the adult merely asks if it can be put together again.

One could make too much of childlike wonder as an animating spirit in the sciences, but it does seem that the urge to pry off the lid has survived into the maturity of modern physics. In the past one hundred years or so four layers in the structure of matter have been peeled away, just to see what's inside. First the solidity and continuity of the world were undermined: all matter was shown to be a lacework of atoms, held together by the hooks and threads of chemistry. Next the atom itself was revealed to be a thing of parts: it has a hard pit—the nucleus—embedded in a pulp of electrons. Then the nucleus too turned out to be a composite object: it is a cluster of protons and neutrons, an atom within the atom. With the hierarchy of structures thus set forth, the latest findings are not hard to guess. The proton and the neutron are also hiding something: they are made up of still smaller particles, the ones called quarks.

The progression from atom to nucleus to proton and neutron to quark is obvious only in retrospect. Every step had its impediments, and the last step was unquestionably the hardest. More than any other invention of twentieth-century science, the quark was a product of pure reason. Even now it is more an idea than an artifact. Physicists who are quite confident quarks exist nonetheless give odds that one will never be seen in isolation. According to the prevailing conjecture, the quark is "confined" or "enslaved" within larger composite particles and can never be extracted. It is an invisible presence, all around us and even within us, and yet forever intangible; it has roughly the same status in physics as the soul has in theology. No wonder the idea took so long to establish itself.

THE QUARK was introduced into physical theory almost twenty years ago by Murray Gell-Mann of the California Institute of Technology. (A similar proposal was made at about the same time by George Zweig of the same institution; evidently the idea was in the air, if only in the hallways at Cal Tech.) It would not be quite accurate to say people laughed, but I think in the early years the idea was considered more diverting than illuminating. At the time no one was looking for an explanation of the internal structure of protons and neutrons; indeed, there was not even a hint that protons and neutrons had an internal structure. To all appearances they were smooth, featureless globes. Gell-Mann was suggesting that each such particle has within it exactly three smaller particles, and he assigned to them certain bizarre properties and equally bizarre names. They were to be called the up quark, the down quark, and the strange (or sideways) quark.

In emphasizing the oddity of the quark model I do not mean to suggest that it is a crackpot idea or was ever considered one. On the contrary, it offered a solution to an important problem in the theory of elementary particles, and the solution was recognized from the outset as an extraordinarily elegant one. The idea simply seemed a little too good and too rich to be true.

The problem Gell-Mann and Zweig addressed was an overabundance of basic building blocks of matter. The proton and the neutron are representatives of a family of related particles. For a time they were the only known members of the family, but by the early 1960s a great many more had been discovered, and it was becoming awkward to consider all of them equally elementary states of matter. A quite adequate



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world could be built out of just a few kinds of particles, and to have so many extras offended one's sense of economy of means. The alarm clock had been reassembled, and it worked, but there were parts left over.

The quark model handily eliminated the supernumerary particles. The proton and the neutron and their roughly one hundred relatives could all be accounted for as combinations of just three species of quarks. Two fundamental rules governed the construction of composite particles out of the quarks. A particle could be built either by binding together three quarks or by binding one quark to one antiquark; no other combinations were possible. In this way all the known members of the family could be accounted for. Furthermore, with one exception, every allowed combination of quarks corresponded to a known particle of matter; the exception was a particle predicted by the model and discovered within a year.

THE QUARK model and the argot associated with it have become substantially more elaborate since 1964. A fourth kind of quark has been introduced to carry a property of matter that has been called charm. Two more quarks (for a total of six, so far) have been designated top and bottom, and they embody properties labeled truth and beauty. It is now commonplace in *Physical Review Letters* to see papers discussing "bare bottom" and "naked beauty" and other notions of equally distressing cuteness. The various properties that distinguish one quark from another are referred to as "flavors," and, in addition, every quark is now assigned a "color," such as red, green, or blue. Lest the literal-minded be misled, let me add that flavor and color do not have their usual, sensory meanings here; a quark could not be tasted or seen even if it could be isolated.

Harald Fritzsch, who is professor of theoretical physics at the University of Munich, has been one of the hunters of the quark. He takes up the story beginning at the turn of the century, with the first developments in the theory of the atom, and he supplies a brief review of the central ideas that form the context of all modern physics: quantum mechanics and Einstein's special theory of relativity. Then the successive veils of atomic and nuclear structure are parted, revealing the never-never land deep inside the proton.

Fritzsch's account is even tempered and scrupulously fair. Physics is unusual among the sciences in having two communities of investigators, the theorists and the experimentalists, whose relations are characterized by something resembling interservice rivalry. Fritzsch is a member of the theoretical camp, but he is careful not to slight the experimental one. He cites as the crucial event in the evolution of the quark model an experimental result obtained in 1974: the discovery of the first particle made up of charmed quarks. It was this event that persuaded many doubters. Later experiments are also chronicled, and the imposing machines of high-energy physics—the particle accelerators that now approach the scale of a small town—get their due both in words and pictures.

Reading *Quarks* will not be easy for those who are making their first acquaintance with the odd little fellows. Fritzsch writes that "One aim of this book is to show that anyone with an elementary knowledge of physics can comprehend what physicists have accomplished in the last thirty years." I am quite sure he is right that any reader with sufficient interest and stamina can follow his argument, but interest and stamina are definitely needed. They are also rewarded: anyone who pushes through to the end will get the story straight.

I SHOULD like to end with a philological note. It was once the custom to give the particles of matter Greek names; Gell-Mann is largely responsible for changing the practice. Among all the whimsical terms introduced since he first named a quantum property "strangeness," the most interesting is "quark" itself. Gell-Mann found the word in *Finnegan's Wake*, in the line "Three quarks for Muster Mark!" One reason he chose it is surely the importance of threeness in the quark model: originally there were three species of quarks, and any three quarks can combine to form a composite particle. There have been more elaborate exegeses of Gell-Mann's allusion; Fritzsch gives one that I find unconvincing.

I have my own tentative gloss. In the novel it is clear the line is spoken by gulls circling over Dublin, but it is less obvious what they mean by "quarks." Others have pointed out that in German "quark" is a soft cheese, rather like cottage cheese, and that Joyce knew of the German meaning. From this clue I think I can guess what the birds were doing (rather than saying) over Dublin. I submit that my inference is supported by Joyce's well-known tendency to scatology and by talk a few lines further on about "speckled trousers." "The Stuff of Matter" is dreck.

**BRIAN HAYES**

Brian Hayes is the associate editor of *Scientific American*.

# BRIEF REVIEWS

## Roughneck: The Life and Times of "Big Bill" Haywood by Peter Carlson

(Norton, 352 pp., $17.50)

The quotations that open Peter Carlson's lively, readable biography attest to William D. Haywood's legendary status, even in his own lifetime, as a two-fisted, rough-and-ready American radical, the champion of labor and scourge of capital. Haywood enjoyed his reputation and was happy to make fun of it to serve the cause. "I'm a two-gun man from the West, you know," he'd tell the crowd at a stop on one of his countless cross-country lecture tours to raise money for the Industrial Workers of the World. After a dramatic pause, he'd pull an I.W.W. membership card out of one pocket and a Socialist Party card out of the other, as the audience roared with delight.

Big Bill was a more complex man than his tough-guy image suggested. His innate pragmatism was often at war with a strong streak of romantic idealism, and the struggle between the two had repercussions for the I.W.W.'s history as well as Haywood's personal life. Carlson notes the contradiction, but unfortunately never analyzes it in detail. He does, however, provide a colorful, accessible narrative of Big Bill's action-filled history, including almost every major confrontation between capital and labor from 1896, when Haywood joined the Western Federation of Min-



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ers, to 1921, when government prosecutions for sedition and "criminal syndicalism" finally prompted him to jump bail and seek asylum in the Soviet Union.

Haywood's passionate belief in "One Big Union" came from practical experience: he'd seen the state government unhesitatingly support the mine owners during the bloody 1902-1904 "Colorado labor wars" and had concluded that only by uniting across ethnic, racial and craft divisions could working people hope to take control of their lives. The I.W.W., founded in 1905, was intended as a radical alternative to the American Federation of Labor and a direct challenge to the American status quo, dedicated to the overthrow of capitalism and abolition of the wage system through direct action, sabotage, and the general strike. These were bold ideas, but the Wobblies were always more restrained in deed than in word. Haywood habitually counseled nonviolent resistance during a job action and placed the needs of striking workers above the interests of the I.W.W. Though this mix of fiery language and relatively moderate behavior seems attractive today, it was ultimately fatal to the Wobblies. Their wild reputation alienated public opinion, while their activities ensured the authorities' implacable hostility, climaxing in the 1917 trial of 166 Wobblies on charges of conspiring to hinder the war effort. By the time Haywood died in 1928, a lonely exile longing to return to America, the I.W.W. was effectively dead, shattered by government prosecutions and internal dissension.

DESPITE this ultimate failure, the legacy of Bill Haywood and the I.W.W. is well worth pondering. Though the union's membership was always a fraction of that of the A.F.L., it nevertheless presented a radical, populist alternative to the conservative, elitist approach of skilled labor unions. It's easy to make fun of the Wobblies' apocalyptic rhetoric, but the high wages and job security the A.F.L. prides itself on obtaining for its members seem as evanescent in a contracting economy as the I.W.W.'s promises of a better world were in the face of legal harassment.

Carlson, a senior writer for *People* magazine, obviously admires Haywood greatly, though he conscientiously details Big Bill's personal failings, and he recounts the I.W.W.'s battles with em-


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ployers and the government from a clearly partisan perspective. This is a perfectly acceptable bias—one expects a biographer to be prejudiced in his subject's favor—and it adds to rather than detracts from the book's considerable charm. Since the biography is intended for the general reader, it does Carlson no disservice to note that he doesn't tell us anything particularly new; he draws largely on a few well-known labor histories, memoirs by Haywood and other radicals, and contemporary newspaper accounts. One hopes someday soon for a major reassessment of Haywood and the I.W.W.'s place in labor history, but in the meantime this well-written, straightforward account is most welcome.

**WENDY SMITH**

Wendy Smith is on the staff of *Vanity Fair* and is also a freelance book reviewer.

## Down and Out in the Great Depression edited by Robert S. McElvaine

(University of North Carolina Press, 251 pp., $23, $8.95 paper)

"Mass unemployment is both a statistic and an empty feeling in the stomach," observed the journalist Cabell Phillips. "To fully comprehend it, you have to both see the figures and feel the emptiness." The bulk of Depression history, which has focused on great men and their programs, supplies us well with the figures. *Down and Out in the Great Depression: Letters From the Forgotten Man* helps evoke the emptiness.

There were millions of forgotten men, women, and children whose experiences differed with age, race, sex, class, occupation, geography, and time. After reviewing some fifteen thousand letters drawn from seven manuscript collections, Robert S. McElvaine, professor of history at Millsaps College, presents 173 first-hand accounts of Depression life, accompanied by a lucid essay. This collection avoids the distortions that come with memory or with the imposition of an interviewer. It lets people speak for themselves, in the same voices that they used to speak to Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt and the other politicans and administrators of the time.

The middle class—proud but frightened—turned directly to the Roosevelts for help, asking for food, blankets, and clothing. Unaccustomed to seeking assistance, these people emphasize the ethic of self-reliance in their letters. "We have always stood on our own feet and been happy and proud," one woman asserts in a letter to the First Lady. "Please continue the W.P.A.," one man writes in 1936. "It makes us feel like an American citizen to earn our own living. Being on the dole or relief makes us lazy and the funds are not enough to live on." The letter writers don't want hand-outs. "Please Mrs. Roosevelt, I do not want charity, only a chance from someone who will trust me until we can get enough money to repay the amount for the things I need. . ." writes an upstate New York woman in 1935, sending a request list of booties, blankets, diapers, and nightgowns. "I am sending you two of my dearest possessions to keep as security, a ring my husband gave me before we were married, and a ring my mother used to wear." Economic collapse may have stripped these people of their possessions, but it didn't steal their pride. "I assure you that I am worthy of any help you render," writes a widow needing a coat. "Please keep this correspondence confidential," asks the father of "five good Christian children."

HARD TIMES for whites were harder still for blacks. "They give all the work to the white people and they give us nothing," reports a black man in 1935. "Do the government insist on Jim Crow on the W.P.A. project?" asks another. Blacks, too, wanted their requests kept confidential—but more from fear than from embarrassment. "Can't sign my name Mr. President," a Georgia man explains. "They will beat me up and run me away from here. . . ." But incredibly, either through bureaucratic mismanagement or actual vindictiveness, many of these signed letters got forwarded to the same local officials whose reprisals blacks feared.

The letters heap unmistakable affection upon F.D.R. himself. Even many of those who express cynicism about "politicians" exempt the biggest politician of all. "I am sure the President, if only he knew, would order that something be done. . . . God bless him," writes a Seattle man in 1934. F.D.R. is compared—favorably—to Moses and Jesus: "We all feel if there ever was a saint. He is one," a woman from Wisconsin writes. Of course F.D.R. did not escape all criticism. To some of the affluent, the New Deal seems a reckless move toward "socialism and communism." To some of the poor, the New Deal seems like nothing new. "New Deal?" snorts a waiter. "They forgot to cut the deck.That's what we say around here." But McElvaine concludes that the "unconvinced were almost always less numerous than the convinced."

THERE IS some proletarian anger expressed in these letters: "I hope to God your back bone will be scratching your stomachs before you die," one man wrote to Relief Administrator Walter Gifford in 1931. But equal amounts of anger are expressed on the right. "The more you give to the lower classes the more they want," writes one man. "Let each one paddle their own canoe," says another. And, for some, a shrinking pie makes for more vicious diners: "If its the colored and foreign you're so interested in place them to themselves and not amongst the 'humane' people," advises one man. Writes another: "I believe the Christians should rise up and kill Jews."

Despite these occasional expressions of hatred and prejudice, McElvaine is heartened by the values exhibited in the midst of hardship. "Working class Americans had never quite accepted the values of acquisitive individualism and marketplace economics so often associated with the middle and upper classes," he concludes. "Throughout the letters run the themes of equity, justice, compassion, and humanitarianism . . . many of the writers, in short, imply that economics should have some connection with morality."

A collection of letters cannot substitute for analysis. Like a well-chosen seasoning, however, it can bring out the flavor of history. By rescuing the struggles of individuals from the anonymity of statistics, this volume preserves the Depression as it was experienced—with sorrow, anguish, hatred, faith, and humor.

**JASON DEPARLE**


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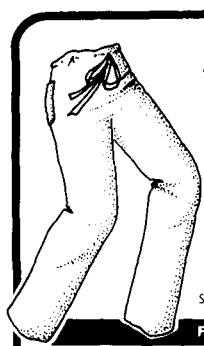

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# WEST POINT DIARIST

## *Officers and Gentlemen*

"TO THE THAYER STAFF, a true American's best wishes," said the photograph in the lobby of my hotel at West Point. It was signed "Roy Benavidez." You don't have to be Army to know the name; he is the Medal of Honor winner who got kicked off the Social Security rolls, the hero of Vietnam who became the casualty of Reaganomics. My first thoughts at the United States Military Academy's Senior Conference on the Nuclear Debate, therefore, were not about strategy. They were about society, about the indifference and the ingratitude that Ronald Reagan has introduced into our institutions of public help, about the "deskism" (Poe's word) that destroys lives. But I was swiftly snapped out of my liberal laments. Our consideration of the "morality, rationality, security, and stability" of the nuclear world began promptly at eight each morning, which is a crime against a civilian.

I AM NEW TO the nuclear business, and West Point was my first business meeting. It was a little like a cross between *Dr. Strangelove* and *She Wore A Yellow Ribbon*. Soldiers and civilians were present, representatives of the Pentagon and representatives of the peace movement. In the course of the weekend many of my suspicions were confirmed. For example: in the making of national security policy the soldiers often have a more open mind than the civilians. The propaganda at the conference was not perpetrated by the participants in uniform; it was mainly for the freeze, and for "build-down," the new panacea for nuclear peace. (Somebody suggested a slogan for the freeze: "No more nuclear weapons until we've used the ones we have.") Though they demanded a grasp of military realities, the participants in uniform displayed a sincere willingness to consider a wide range of responses to those realities. They were alive, too, to the powerful influence of politics upon security. I was struck by the number of officers who agreed that nuclear weapons successfully deter "within remarkably wide quantitative and qualitative levels," as a paper put it, that the peace between East and West has been kept not primarily by the quantity and the quality of our nuclear forces but by the existence and the energy of the alliance arrangement. The officers were impatient with prettifications of the Soviet Union, but they were no less impatient with panic about the state of our defenses. Generally their appetite was for ideas, not ideologies. I wondered if this was not the receptivity to ideas of people who knew that they would obey orders. But it was more estimable than that. The examination of their military doctrines was an examination of the meaning of their military lives. The civilians needed to justify what might be done to them; the soldiers, what they might do. For the soldiers, then, strategic studies was a form of introspection. It was a habit of conscience, and not a habit of obedience, that had them arguing about the proper analysis of the *jus in bello*. I found, in short, a high degree of ethical exigence in uniform.

I HAD ANOTHER SUSPICION confirmed—something less sweet. It is that the primary utility of our present nuclear doctrine is not military but psychological. The doctrine to which I refer is called counterforce, and it has the exhilarating effect of dissociating the use of nuclear weapons from its consequences. We used to target our missiles against Moscow to hold Soviet society hostage, and the Soviet military thereby at bay. Now we target the Soviet military to hold it at bay, and declare that we do not target Soviet society. ("MAD is dead," said somebody at the bar in a position to know.) But most of the Soviet military—the centers of command and control, the political and economic structure required for its support, and the military installations themselves—are in or near Moscow and other living places. Nothing has changed, then, except that we would be guilty of genocide without believing that we would be guilty of genocide. (Of course the Soviets would be, too; but when I asked the somebody at the bar if he agreed that our strategy is being Sovietized, he did with delight.) The doctrine of counterforce is not a revision of strategy by a change of targets, but a revision of feeling by a change of names. It allows our planners to pretend that they do not hold a population at risk, to think that they are doing one thing when they are doing another. But MAD is not dead. As long as weapons are nuclear, mutual destruction remains assured; and it is this assurance, and not the alibis and the arithmetic of a new generation of strategists, that stops both sides from scuttling the suspense and sending us all to hell.

THE DELIBERATIONS along the Hudson were a success—that is, they did not leave me with anything that would fit on a T-shirt (though one conference-goer suggested a T-shirt with the slogan, "It's All Terribly Complicated.") The balance is stable, but some of our forces must be modernized. The situation on land would be worsened if our missiles were more vulnerable, and worsened if our missiles were defended. The relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union must not be reduced to arms control, but neither must it be reduced to measures of military might. The use of nuclear weapons would flout the rules of war and the values of our way of life, but a war may occur and our way of life must otherwise be defended. And, of course, some shop talk, when the dialects of the defense consultants mingled mercilessly with the equations of the engineers. At such times my attention fled to a large marble stele at the side of the room, dedicated to James McNeil Whistler, class of 1855, which proclaimed, "The story of the beautiful is already complete." The Army provided everything, even an aesthetic escape. A military vehicle delivered two of us from the door of the U.S.M.A. Library to the door of the New York State Theater. The next morning I saw Paul Newman arguing for the freeze on the Phil Donahue show. He was adorable. I longed for the Army. Still, he had an argument about which I concede his authority. Nuclear weapons, he said, "have castrated every single American male and every single Russian male." There's a twist—*dis*armament in the name of machismo. Donahue's ladies loved it. I was reminded of a question Lawrence Freedman had posed. "What is worse," he asked, "strategists who become populists, or populists who become strategists?"

**L. W.**

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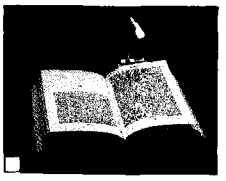
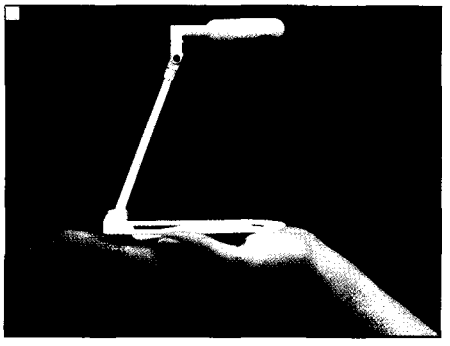
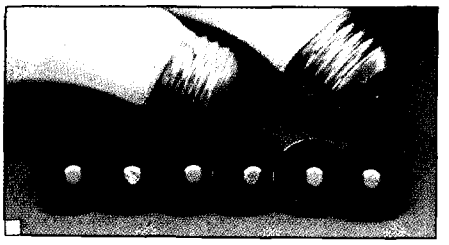
## BOOK LIGHT



☐ Here's a new tool just on the market that will brighten the life of any bookreader. It is a light that clips on the book or magazine you are reading, flooding the open pages with a cool strong light ideal for reading. The light weighs just a bit over 2 oz. and is attentively crafted with two swivel joints and a special distortion free lead crystal optical bulb. The Booklight comes with a battery pack (batteries not included), AC adapter, 8′ cord and spare bulb in a box that looks like a book. **$29.00** ($3.95) #A685. Backed by one-year limited warranty.





## LIGHT-SAVERS

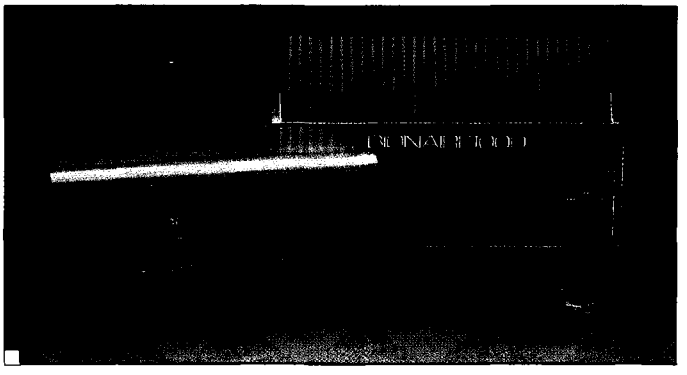
☐ If you're tired of climbing ladders and getting into precarious (often dangerous) positions to change an out of the way light bulb, then you should know about Light-Savers. Adhered to the base of any *one way* bulb the Light-Savers can extend bulb life from 50 to 100 times! Just think of the money saved in light bulbs! Most bulbs have a rated life of 750 hours or 32 days if used continuously. With Light-Savers your bulbs will burn up to 75,000 hours or about eight years if used 24 hours a day. Light-Savers reduce light output so you may want to increase bulb wattage. They're safe, dependable and install quickly and easily with any one way bulb. The manufacturer offers a limited eight year warranty. We offer a package of 6 for **$12.00** ($1.95) #A830, 12 for **$20.00** ($2.95) #A831 or 24 for **$39.00** ($3.95) #A832.

## ONE INCREDIBLE CLEANER

☐ Simple Green is so varied that it replaces about $85 worth of specialized cleaners. Simple Green is an oven cleaner. Bathroom cleaner. Window cleaner. Floor cleaner. Stain remover. Laundry presoak. Upholstery cleaner. Rug cleaner. Leather and vinyl cleaner. Chrome cleaner. Road tar remover. Paintbrush cleaner. Engine cleaner. Simple Green is non-abrasive, non-caustic, low-phosphate and biodegradable. It has no bleach, ammonia or petroleum. It is approved by U.S.D.A. It was originally invented to remove stains from coffeeroasting equipment. Simple Green worked so well it was soon being used generally in the restaurant industry. Then in car washes. Then hospitals and airlines. Technically, Simple Green is a blend of synthetic penetrants that emulsify and suspend oil for cold-water rinse. It can be used on anything you use cold water on. No scrubbing required. We can send two 16 oz. spray bottles of Simple Green for **$9.00** ($2.95) #A698; two 16 oz. bottles plus a natural ocean sponge for **$12.00** ($2.95) #A828 or one gallon plus an ocean sponge for **$21.00** ($3.95) #A827.

## FRESH AIR MACHINES

☐ Air pollution doesn't politely stop at the front door—it follows you right inside. The Bionaire 500 is like moving a mountain breeze indoors. It removes 99% of all particulate pollutants from the air—goodbye to soot, dust, animal dander, pollen, cigarette smoke, smog, molds and fungi. The newly developed electret filter removes particles as small as 1/10,000 the thickness of a human hair The Bionaire 500 cleans 45 cubic feet of air a minute, the average room three times an hour. It includes a switchable ion generator—negative ions are well known for their presumed psychological good effects, creating a sense of well-being such as comes from standing next to a waterfall. A switchable fragrance dispenser allows you to add a fresh scent to the air when you wish. The Bionaire 500 measures 11″×7″×5″, uses only 45 watts energy, comes in a smoothly styled hard plastic case with woodgrain finish. The Bionaire 500 costs **$125.00** ($9.95) #A822. A larger model 1000 has three speeds instead of two and cleans 118 CFM of air—enough to empty the smoke from a closed conference room faster than any competing unit This unit measures 14″×8″×8½″ with a lifetime steel housing. The Bionaire 1000 costs **$275.00** ($12.95) #A823. Both models are UL-listed and carry 1-year limited warranties.



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